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THE  
ROYAL  
ENGLISH-DANISH  
GRAMMAR

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VOLUME the THIRD.

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or a VIEW of the  
ENGLISH TONGUE  
and  
STYLE

set forth in exquisite Pieces of  
DIVINITY, HISTORY, POETRY, &c.  
*from the best* ENGLISH AUTHORS.

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by  
CHARLES BERTRAM, Φιλολογος.

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COPENHAGEN,

Printed for the AUTHOR, by L. H. LILLIE,  
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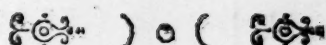
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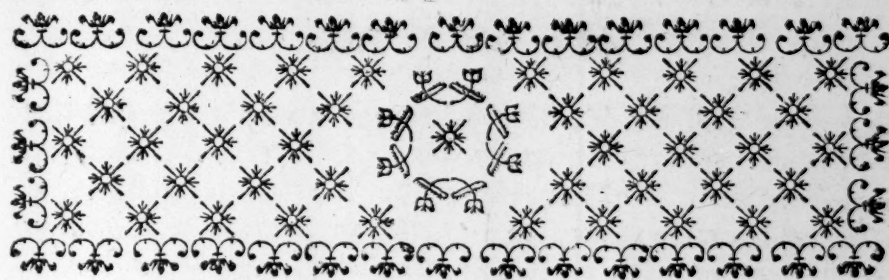
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DIVINITY.

I. *Of the Holy Scriptures by Bishop WILKINS.*

 F we suppose GOD to have made any Revelation of his will to mankind, can any man propose or fancy any better way for conveying down to Posterity the certainty of it, than that clear and universal Tradition which we have for the History of the Gospel? And must not that man be very unreasonable, who will not be content with as much evidence for an *ancient Book or Matter of Fact*, as any thing of that nature is capable of? If it be only infallible and mathematical Certainty that can settle his mind, why should he believe that he was born of such Parents? Tis possible men might have combined together to delude him with such a Tradition. Why may  
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he not as well think, that he was born a Prince and not a Subject, and consequently deny all duties of Subjection and obedience to those above him? There is nothing so wild and extravagant, to which men may not expose themselves by such a kind of nice and scrupulous incredulity.

Whereas if to the Enquiries about Religion a man would but bring with him the same candour and ingenuity, the same readiness to be instructed, which he doth to the study of human Arts and Sciences, that is, a mind free from violent prejudices and a desire of contention; It can hardly be imagined, but that he must be convinced and subdued by those clear evidences which offer them selves to every inquisitive mind, concerning the truth of the *Principles of Religion* in general, and concerning the *Divine Authority* of the *Holy Scriptures*, and of the *Christian Religion*.

## II. *Of our Knowledge of the Existence of* a DEITY. by Mr. JOHN LOCKE.

THOUGH GOD has given us no innate *Ideas* of himself; though he has stamped no original *characters* on our minds, wherein we may read his *being*; yet having furnished us with those *faculties* our *minds* are *endowed* with, he hath not left himself without *Witness*; since we have *sence*, *perception* and *reason*, and can not want a clear *proof* of him, as long as we *carry* our selves about us. Nor can we justly complain of our *ignorance* in this great point, since he hath so plentifully provided us with the *means* to discover and *know* him, so far, as is necessary to the end of our being and the great concernment of our *happiness*. But though this be the most obvious *Truth*, that *Reason* discovers; and though its evidence be (if I mistake not) equal to *mathematical* certainty: yet it requires *Thought* and *Attention*; and the mind must apply





ply it self to a regular *deduction* of it from some part of our intuitive *knowledge*, or else we shall be as uncertain and ignorant of this, as of other propositions, wick are in themselves capable of clear demonstration. To shew therefore, that we are capable of *knowing*, i. e. *being certain*, that there is a *G O D*, and how we may come by this certainty, I think we need go no farther, than ourselves, and that undoubted *knowledge* we have of our own *existence*.

§. 2. I think it is beyond question, that *man has a clear perception of his own being*; he knows certainly, that he exists and that he is *some thing*. He that can doubt, whether he be *any thing*, or no, I speak not to, no more than I would argue with pure *nothing*, or endeavour to convince *Non Entity*, that it were *some-thing*. If any one pretends, to be so *Sceptical*, as to deny his own *Existence*, (for really to doubt of it, is manifestly impossible) let him, for me, enjoy his beloved *happiness* of being *nothing*, untill hunger, or some other pain convince him of the contrary. This then, I think, I may take for a *Truth*, which every one's certain *knowledge* assures him of beyond the liberty of doubting *viz*: that he is *some-thing*, that actually exists.

§. 3. In the next place man knows by an intuitive certainty, that bare *nothing can no more produce any real Being, than it can be equal to two right angles*. If a man knows not, that *Non-Entity*, or the absence of all being, can not be equal to two right *angles*; it is impossible, he should know any *Demonstration* in *Euclid*. If therefore we know, there is some real *Being*, and that *Non-Entity* can not produce any real *Being*, it is an evident demonstration, that from *Eternity* there has been *something*; since what was not from *Eternity* had a beginning; and what had a beginning, must be produced by something else.

§. 4. Next it is evident, that what had its *being* and beginning from an other, must also have all that, which

is in and belongs to its *being*, from an other too. All the powers it has, must be owing to, and received from the same *source*. This eternal *Source* then of all being must also be the *source* and original of all *power*; and so this eternal *Being* must be also the most *powerful*.

§ 5. Again a Man finds in himself *perception* and *Knowledge*. We have then got one step farther; and we are certain now, that there is not only some *Being*, but some *Knowing* intelligent *Being* in the *World*. There was a time then, when there was no knowing *Being*, and when *Knowledge* began to be; or else there has been also a knowing *Being* from *Eternity*. If it be said, there was a time, when no *Being* had any *Knowledge*, when that eternal *Being* was void of all understanding: I reply, that then it was impossible, there should ever have been any *Knowledge*; it being as impossible, that things wholly void of *Knowledge*, and operating blindly, and without any *perception*, should produce a knowing *Being*, as it is impossible, that a *Triangle* should make it self three *Angles* bigger, than two right ones. For it is as repugnant to the *Idea* of senseless *matter*, that it should put into it self sense, perception and knowledge, as it is repugnant to the *Idea* of a *Triangle*, that it should put into it self greater *Angles*, than two right ones.

§. 5. Thus from the *consideration* of our selves, and what we infallibly find in our own constitutions, our *Reasons* leads us to the *knowledge* of this certain and evident *Truth*, that *there is an eternal, most powerful and most knowing Being*; which whether any one will please to call *God*, it matters not. The thing is evident, and from this *Idea* duly considered will easily be deduced all those other *attributes*, which we ought to ascribe to this eternal *Being*. If nevertheless any one should be found so senselessly arrogant, as to suppose *Man* alone *knowing* and *wise*, but yet the product of meer *ignorance* and *chance*; and that all the rest of the *Universe* acted only by



by that blind *hap-bazard*: I shall leave with him that very rational and emphatical rebuke of Tully, *lib. II. de Leg.* to be consider'd at his leisure: *What can be more sillyly arrogant and misbecoming, than for a man to think, that he has a mind and understanding in him; but yet in all the universe besides there is no such thing? or that those things, which with the utmost stretch of his Reason he can scarce comprehend, should be moved and managed without any reason at all?* From what has been said, it is plain to me, we have a more certain knowledge of the *Existence* of a *GOD*, than of any thing, our senses have not immediately discover'd to us. Nay, I presume, I may say, that we more certainly know, that there is a *GOD*, than that there is any thing else without us. When I say, *We know*, I mean, there is such a *Knowledge* within our reach, which we can not miss, if we will but apply our minds to that, as we do to several other *enquiries*.

§. 7. How far the *Idea* of a most perfect *Being*, which a man may frame in his mind, does, or, does not, prove the *existence* of a *GOD*; I will not here examine. For in the different make of men's *tempers* and application of their *thoughts*, some arguments prevail more on one, and some on another, for the confirmation of the same *Truth*. But yet I think, this I may say; that it is an ill way of establishing this *truth*, and silencing *Atheists*, to lay the whole stress of so important a point, as this, upon that sole *foundation*; and take some men's having that *Idea* of *GOD* in their minds (for 'tis evident, some men have none, and some worse than none, and the most very different) for the only proof of a *Deity*; and, out of an over-fondness of that darling invention, cashier, or at least endeavour to invalidate all other *arguments*, and forbid us to hearken to those *proofs*, as being weak, or fallacious, which our own *existence*, and the sensible parts of the *universe*, offer so clearly and cogently to our *thoughts*, that I deem it impossible for a con-

sidering man to *withstand* them. For I judge it as certain and clear a *Truth*, as can anywhere be delivered; that *the invisible things of GOD are clearly seen from the Creation of the World, being understood by the things, that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.* Though our own being furnishes us, as I have shewn, with an evident and incontestable proof of a *Deity*; and I believe, no body can avoid the *cogency* of it, who will but as carefully attend to it, as to any other *demonstration* of so many parts.

### III. *The Nature of the DEITY in TRINITY* *conceived by the Strength of Reason.*

by Dr. WILLIAM STUKELEY. F. R. S.

A contemplative person, viewing and considering the world around him, is ravish'd with the harmony and beauty, the fitnesses of things in it, the uses and connexion of all its parts, and the infinite agreement shining throughout the whole. He must belye all his senses to doubt, that it was compos'd by a being of infinite power, wisdom and goodness, which we call God. But among all the most glorious attributes of divinity, *goodness* is preeminent. For this beautiful fabric of the world displays thro' every atom of it, such an amazing scene of the goodness and beneficence of it's author; that it appears to such contemplative minds, that his infinite power and wisdom were but as the two hands, employ'd by the *goodness* of the sovereign architect.

Goodness was the beginning, the middle, the end of the creation. To explain, to prove, or illustrate this topic, would be an affront to the common understanding of mankind. The sum of what we can know of him is, that he is good, essentially good. We are not more assured of the existence of the first being, than that he is good, *the good*, goodness itself, in eminence. He

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is God, because he is good; which is the meaning of the Word in *Englisch*, and in many other languages. This, in God almighty, is the attribute of attributes, the perfection of his all-perfect nature. He made and maintains those creatures which he multiply'd to an infinite degree, the objects of his care and benificence; those great characters of supreme love, that render him deservedly adoreable.

All possible perfections, both moral and natural must needs be inherent in this first and supreme being, because from him alone they can flow. This is in one comprehensive word, what we call good. But good unexercis'd, unemploy'd, incommunicate, is no good; and implies a contradiction, when affirmed of the all-good being. Therefore it undeniably follows, there never was a time, never can be, when God was useless, and did not communicate of his Goodness.

But there was a time before creation, before this beautiful fabric of the world was made, before even chaos itself, or the production of the rude matter, of which the world was made. And this time must be affirmed, not only as to material creation, but to that of angels and spiritual beings. Reckon we never so many ages, or myriads of ages, for the commencement of creation, yet it certainly began, and there was a time before that beginning. For, by the definition, creation is bringing that into being which was not before. There must have been a time before it.

Here then occurs the difficulty, of filling up that infinite gap before creation. Consider the supreme first being sitting in the center of an universal solitude, environ'd with the abyss of infinite nothing, a chasm of immense vacuity! what words can paint the greatness of the solecism? what mind does not start at the horror of such an absurdity? and especially supposing this state subsisted from infinite ages.

'Tis in vain to pretend, that a being of all perfections can be happy in himself, in the consciousness of those perfections; whilst he does no good to any thing; in the reflexive idea of his possessing all excellency, whilst he exerts no tittle of any one. This is the picture of a being quite dissonant to that of the All-good. And as the *Druids* would, without difficulty, judge, that there must needs be one only, self-originated first being, the origin of all things: so they would see the necessity of admitting one or more eternal beings, or emanations from that first being, in a manner quite distinct from creation.

That there ever was one eternal, self-existent, unoriginated being, is the very first and most necessary truth, which the human mind can possibly, by contemplation and ratiocination, obtain. Still by considering the matter intimately, they would find it impossible to conceive, that there should ever be a time, when there was but one being in the universe, which we call the first and self-originated being, possessing in himself all possible perfections, and remaining for endless myriads of ages, torpid, unactive, solitary, useless. This is a notion so abhorrent to reason, so contrary to the nature of goodness, so absolutely absurd, that we may as well imagine this great being altogether absent, and that there was no being at all.

This all the philosophers were sensible of, for good unexercis'd, that always lay dormant, never was put into act, is no goodness; it may as well be supposed absent, and even that there was no God. To imagine that God could be asleep all this while, shocks the mind, therefore it casts about, to remedy this great paradox.

Now it cannot be said of any part of creation, or of the whole, that God always did good to any created being or beings; for these are not, cannot be commensurate in time with his own being. Count backward never so long for the beginning of things, still there was a time  
prior



prior to this beginning of things; for eternal creation is an equal absurdity with an eternal absence of any being: where no part is necessary, to affirm the whole is a necessarily and self-existing being, is a mere portent of reason,

So we see, in every light, an absolute necessity of admitting a being or beings coeval with the supreme and self-originated being, distinct from any creation, and which must needs flow from the first being, the cause of all existence. For two self-originated beings is as much an absurdity as any of the preceeding.

But, as 'tis impossible that the act of creation should be coeval with the first being, what other act of goodness can be? For that being which is essentially good, must ever have been actively and actually so. To answer this great question, we must thus expostulate, as the prophet *Isaiah* does in the person of God, in his last chapter, when summing up the business of his prophetic office: "*Shall I bring to the birth, and not beget, saith Jehovah: Shall I cause to bring forth, and be myself barren, saith thy God?*" He is there speaking of the birth of the son of God in human form; but we may apply it in a more eminent degree, to the son of God in his divine nature; and as the *Druids* may well be suppos'd to have done. The highest act of goodness which is possible, even for the supreme being, is the production of his like, the act of filiation, the begetting of his son *Prov. VIII, 22.* "*The Lord begat me from eternity, before his works of old; (so it ought to be read) ver. 30, then I was by him, as one brought up with him (amoun in the original) and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him.*"

This is the internal divine fecundity of the fruitful cause of all things. Creation is external fecundity. The *Druids* would naturally apply the term generation, to this act of producing this person, or divine emanation from the supreme, which we are oblig'd to admit of: and to

affirm him coeval with the supreme. The difficulty of priority in time, between father and son, would easily be remov'd, by considering the difference between divine and human generation, the production of necessary and contingent beings.

If an artist produces an admirable and curious piece of mechanism, he is said to make it; if he produces a person or being altogether like himself, he is rightly said to generate that person, he begets a son, 'tis an act of filiation. So the like we must affirm of the supreme being generating another being, with whom only he could communicate of his goodness from all eternity, and without any beginning; or in scripture language, "*in whom he always had complacency*" This is what *Plato* means, "*by love being ancients than all the gods; that the kingdom of love is prior to the Kingdom of necessity.*" And this son must be a self-existent, all perfect being, equally as the father, self-origination only excepted, which the necessary relation or oeconomy between them forbids. If he is a son, he is like himself; if he is like himself, he is God; if he is God, an eternity of existence is one necessary part of his divine nature and perfection.

If the son be of the same substance and nature as the father, an eternity of being is one part of his nature; therefore no time can be assign'd for this divine geniture, and it must be what we call eternal. Or perhaps we may express it as well by saying, it was before eternity; or that he is coeval with the almighty father. In this same sense *Proclus de patriarch*, uses the word *πρωαιώνιος*, *praeternus*. For tho' 'tis impossible that creation, whether of material or immaterial beings, should be coeval with God; yet if the son be of the same nature with the Father, which must be granted, then 'tis impossible to be otherwise, than that the son of God should be coeval with the father.

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If goodness be, as it were, the essence of God, then he can have no happiness but in the exercise of that Goodness. We must not say as many are apt to do, that he was always and infinitely happy, in reflecting upon his own being and infinite perfections, in the idea of himself. This is no exercise of goodness, unless we allow this idea of himself which he produces, to be a being without him, or distinct from himself; and that is granting what we contend for. A true and exact idea of himself is the *logos* of the ancients, the first born of the first cause. And this is the meaning of what the eastern and all other philosophers assert, "*that is was necessary for unity to make an evolution of it self, and multiply; it was necessary for good to communicate it self.*" There could be no time before then, for "*then he would be an imperfect unity, and may as well be termed a cypher, which of it self can never produce any thing.*" Agreeable to this doctrine, Philo in II. *de monarchiis*, writes, "*the logos is the express image of God, and by whom all the whole world was made.*" It would be senseless to think here, he meant only the wisdom of the supreme, the reason, the cunning of God, a quality not a personality.

What difficulty here is in the thing, arises merely from the weakness of our conceptions, and in being conversant only with ordinary generation. A son of ours is of the same nature as his father. His father was begot in time, therefore the son the like. Not so in divine generation. But as the father is from eternity, so is the son. This only difference there is, or rather distinction; the father is self-existent, and unoriginate; the son is of the father.

Further, we must remove, in this kind of reasoning, all the imperfection of different Sexes, as well as time, which is in human generations; and all such gross ideas incompatible with the most pure and perfect divine nature.

The whole of this our reasoning further confirms, that the son is necessarily existing. It was necessary for God

to be actively good always, and begetting his son was the greatest act of divine goodness, and first, necessarily. But the Word *first* is absurd, betraying our own imperfection of speech and ideas, when we treat of these matters; for there could be no *first*, where no beginning. And the very names of father and son are but relative and oeconomical; so far useful, that we may be able to entertain some tolerable notion in these things, so far above our understanding.

But tho' it be infinitely above our understanding, yet we reach so far, as to see the necessity of it. And we can no otherwise cure that immense *vacuum*, that greatest of all absurdities, the indolence and uselessness of the supreme being before creation.

*From Dr. WM. STUKELEY's Abury, pag. 85. 86. 87. 88.*

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## V. *The Earl of ROSCOMON on the Day of Judgment.*

1. **T**he Day of Wrath, that Dreadful Day,  
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,  
As *David* and the *Sibyls* say.
2. What Horror will invade the Mind,  
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,  
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?
3. The last loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,  
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,  
And wake the Nations under Ground.
4. Nature and Death shall, with Surprise,  
Behold the pale Offender rise,  
And view the Judge with concious Eyes.
5. Then shall, with Universal Dread,  
The sacred Mystick Book be read,  
To try the Living, and the Dead.

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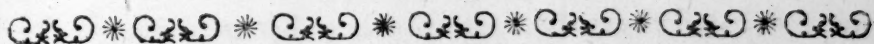
6. The Judge ascends his Awfull Throne,  
He makes each secret Sin be known,  
And all with Shame confess their own.
7. O then! What Interest shall I make,  
To save my last important Stake,  
When the most Just have cause to quake.
8. Thou mighty, formidable King,  
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,  
Some comfortable Pity bring!
9. Forget not what my Ransom cost,  
Nor let my Dear-bought Soul be lost,  
In Storms of guilty Terror tost.
10. Thou who for me didst feel such Pain,  
Whose precious Blood the cross did stain  
Let not those Agonies be vain.
11. Thou whom avenging Pow'r obey,  
Cancel my Debt (too great to pay)  
Before the sad Accounting Day.
12. Surrounded with Amazing Fears  
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,  
I sigh, I weep: Accept my Tears.
13. Thou who wer't mov'd with *Mary's* Grief,  
And, by absolving of the Thief,  
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.
14. Reject not my unworthy Pray'r,  
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare  
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.
15. Give my exalted Soul a Place,  
Among thy chosen Right-Hand Race;  
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.
16. From that Insatiable Abyss,  
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,  
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.
17. Prostrate my Contrite Heart I rend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend;  
Do not forsake me in my End.

18. *Well may they curse their second Breath,  
Who rise to a reviving Death,  
Thou great Creator of Mankind,  
Let Guilty Man Compassion find.*
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VI. *The XXIII. Psalm as extant in the  
Spectator No. 441. [Vol. VI.]*

1. **T**HE Lord my Pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;  
His Presence shall my Wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful Eye;  
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,  
And all my Midnight Hours defend,
2. When in the sultry Glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant;  
To fertile Vales, and Dewy Meads,  
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads;  
Where peacefull Rivers soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant Landskip flow.
3. Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,  
With gloomy Horrors overspread;  
My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,  
And guide me through the dreadfull Shade,
4. Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,  
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my Pains beguile:  
The barren Wilderness shall smile  
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,  
And Streams shall murmur all around.





## VI. GEOGRAPHY.

*The Description of the City of LONDON*

by WILLIAM PARDON, Gent.

**L**ONDON the principal or chief City of the *British* Empire, is one of the largest, richest, and most populous Cities in the World, and at this Time the adjacent Parts not only of its own immediate Suburbs, but *Westminster*, &c. are vulgarly called by the same Name. It is a Prodigy of Streets and Buildings, filled with the Palaces of its Kings, Queens, Princes, and Noblemen, as well as the great Houses of the Gentry, and common ones of its Tradesmen, together with a great Number of magnificent Churches, and publick Halls and Offices. It is said to be originally built 1107 Years before the Birth of *Christ*, and 350 before *Rome*. In the Time of the *Britains*, it was always the chief City of the *Trinobantes*, and the Royal Seat of their Kings. Under the *Romans*, it was governed by a Prefect, like *Rome* it self, who was sent yearly by the Senate to administer Justice to the Inhabitants. In after times it was under diverse Sorts of Laws, and its chief civil Magistrate at first was called a *Porta recve*, which by King *Richard I.* was changed into a Bailiff, and by King *John* into Lord Mayor, as it still remains. *Henry III.* ordered not only the Mayor and Sheriffs to be chosen yearly, but also certain Persons to assist him, who were called Aldermen, were to be annually elected. But this proving inconvenient, in a few Years after the said King made the Office of Alderman to be perpetual during Life. *Anno* 1224. he granted to the Commonalty of the City of *London*, to have a Common Seal. - In 1226. he further granted the Citizens the Liberty of free Warren, and that they should pass toll-free throughout *England*. King *Edward I.* ordered that the Mayor should be apparelled like the Aldermen; these with many other great Privileges,

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were

were granted them by sundry other Kings, which they enjoyed till the Year 1683. when by a *quo warranto* they were deprived of them all, and so remained till *Christmass*, 1688. when the Lord Chancellor Jefferies brought them their Charter again; but lest this Restitution should be defective, they procured an Act of Parliament 2. *William and Mary*, which reversed the said Judgment, made their several Acts valid, &c. So that now the chief Government thereof is by the chief Magistrate, called the Lord Mayor, who sits every Morning in the House or Place where he keeps his Mayoralty, to hear the Complaints of, and do Justice to the Citizens, and once in a Month or six Weeks as chief Judge of *Oyer and Terminer*, or Goal-delivery of *Newgate*, both for the City of *London* and County of *Middlesex*. His ordinary Jurisdiction extends all over the City and Part of the Suburbs, and on the River *Thames* Eastward to *Tendale* and the Mouth of the River *Medway*, and Westward as far as *Colney-Ditch*, above *Stanes Bridge*. The Aldermen, who are 26 in Number, have each his particular Ward or District particularly to attend, and each of these have their Deputy or Deputies under them, and such of them as have been Mayors, and the three next below the Chair, are Justices of the Peace by their Charter. The Lord Mayor is annually chosen on *Michaelmas-Day*, and sworn the 28th. of *October* following at *Guild-Hall*, and the 29th. before the Barons of the *Exchequer* at *Westminster*. But if the Person thus chosen (who is commonly the Alderman next below the Chair) refuse to act, the Citizens may fine him at pleasure, unless he can shew a sufficient Reason. When an Alderman is to be chosen, the Mayor calls a Wardmote within that Ward, who return two Persons to the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, who chuse one of them, and if the Person, so chose, refuse to hold the Office, he is liable to be fined 500*l*. The Sheriffs, who are two, are chosen by the Livery-men at *Guild-Hall* on *Midsum-*



*mer-Day*, but they are not sworn till *Michaelmas Eve* following, when each of them give bond to serve the Corporation faithfully; he that refuses to serve after being thus chose, must either swear himself not worth 15,000*l.* or be fined 400*l.* and 20 Marks, of which the 400*l.* is paid into the common Fund of the City, and the 20 Marks to the Officers of the several Prisons. The Sheriffs, by a Grant of King *Edward IV.* dated 1473, are to have 16 Serjeants, and each Serjeant his Yeoman; also a Secondary, 6 Clerks, a Clerk of the Papers, 4 under Clerks, and 2 under Sheriffs. There are 72 Companies of different Trades, 12 of which are the chief, *viz.* 1. *Mercers*; 2. *Grocers*; 3. *Drapers*; 4. *Fishmongers*; 5. *Goldsmiths*; 6. *Skinners*, 7. *Merchant-Tailors*; 8. *Haberdashers*; 9. *Salters*; 10. *Ironmongers*; 11. *Vintners*; 12. *Cloth-workers*; and if the Mayor is not a Member of one of these, he must be transferred from that of which he before was free, to one of these 12. Each Ward annually on *December 21<sup>st</sup>*. chuses a certain Number of the most noted Inhabitants, who are called *Common-council-men*, who have a Share in the Government of the City. It is now a *Bishops See*, who was formerly an Archbishop. It is situate upon a rising Bank, along the Side of the River *Thames*, which is one of the most noted in the whole World, especially for its easy Navigation, wholesome Water, and great Number of Ships constantly coming in and going out with all Sorts of Merchandize to all Parts of the World. It was for many hundred Years surrounded with strong Walls, the Remainder of which are still visible, but much neglected, lying in the heart of the present *London*, and therefore in most Places intirely erased, tho' the Gates are still kept up with much Magnificence, 2 of which are publick Prisons, *viz.* *Newgate* and *Ludgate*. And that nothing may be wanting to render this Metropolis compleat in every Respect, there are a great Number of other Prisons, besides the 2 above, in

and near it, each of which have their peculiar Privileges. The publick Markets, which are many, are constantly and daily supplied with all Sorts of Provisions, both within the immediate Districts of the City and the Suburbs; for tho' that Part called *Westminster* is a City by itself, and under a particular Government, yet by vulgar Account all that and the prodigious Increase of new Squares, Streets, Courts, and all other contiguous Buildings, are called by one general Name, *viz.* LONDON; and the Number of Inhabitants are computed at about 1,000,000 Persons. The 2 Cathedrals of *St. Pauls* and *Westminster* are 2 extraordinary Structures of Magnificence, the first for its being a curious Production of modern Architecture, the last of the old Gothick Way of Building; The minute Description of these would take up a large Volume, and therefore cannot be entred into here.



## VII. HISTORY.

*Of the Chinese History by Mr. B. MARTIN.*

THE *Chinese* suppose that the first Man was their first Governor, was called *Puoncuus*, and had his Origin from somewhat like an Egg. How this Country was first peopled is uncertain. The first King they speak of with any Certainty is *Fohius* or *Fohi*, who some think was *Noah*. 'Tis said he Was succeeded by *Xinungus* two thousand seven hundred and thirty Years before *Christ*. *Tous* was the last of the elected *Emperors*, and founded the imperial Race of *Hiaa*, which was about two thousand two hundred and seven Years before *Christ*. This continued in a Line of seventeen *Emperors*; to which the Family of *Xanga* succeeded, about a thousand seven hundred and sixty six Years before *Christ*. This produced twenty eight Em-

Emperors, and lasted till about a thousand one hundred and twenty two Years before *Christ*. When the Family of *Cheva* succeeded, which produced thirty seven Emperors, and ended two hundred fourty six Years before our Saviour's Birth. This was succeeded by the Family of *Civa* or *Xius*, in the Year before *Christ* two hundred and six: This by the Family of *Hana*, which lasted to the Year of our Lord CCLXIV. This was subdued by that of *Cyna*, which lasted till A. D. CCCCXIX. in five Kings.

Then the Family of *Tanga* followed, which lasted till A. D. DCXVIII. These were succeeded by the Race of *Sunga*, which governed till A. D. MCCLXXVIII. when the *Tartars* after seventy three Years War subdued the Empire, extirpated the Family, and founded a new one, called *Ivena*, which lasted till A. D. MCCCLXVIII. When the *Tartars* were expelled, and one *Xunguons* founded the Race of *Taicinga*, who held the Throne till A. D. MDCXLIV. when the *Tartars* again conquered the Country, and set up their Great Cham *Xunchius*, who was succeeded by his son *Cham Hi*, in A. D. MDCLXI. and in A. D. MDCLXXX. he perfected the Conquest of *China*, and was reckoned to be the greatest Prince in the World.

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The Progress of the *English* Arms  
under EDWARD the *Third*,  
surnamed the VICTORIOUS  
from PUFFENDORFF. (\*)

---

IN the Year 1345. a cruel War broke out betwixt *England* and *France*; for *Lewis*, *Philip* and *Charles*, all three Sons of *Philip*, surnamed *the Handsom*, dying without Issue, *Edward* did pretend a right to the *French* Crown, as being

b\* 3

the

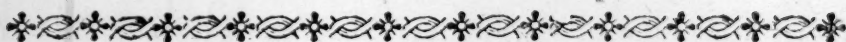
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(\*) This if taken from the *English* History would be scarcely believed, I chose therefore to let a Foreigner, and one esteemed impartial, report it.

the late King's Sisters Son; alledging, that if his Mother, as being a Woman, might be thought incapable of governing the Realm, the same ought not to be prejudicial to him, as being a Man. But *Philip de Valois*, notwithstanding he was a degree farther off, as being the late King's Father's Brother's Son, yet prevailed with the States, who under pretence of the *Salick Law*, and the hatred they bore to a Foreign Sovereign; being, besides this, encouraged thereunto by the Earl of *Artois*, set him upon the Throne. *Edward* being afterwards summon'd by *Philip*, to come in Person, and to do Homage for the Dukedom of *Aquitain*, went thither in person, he being then but young, and *England* full of intestine Commotions, notwithstanding this seemed to be very prejudicial to his Pretensions: And King *Edward* appearing in the Church at *Amiens* with the Crown upon his Head, his Sword and Spurs on, was ordered to lay them aside, and to take Oath upon his Knees; which so exasperated *Edward*, that *France* afterwards felt the effects of it. Not long after *Edward Baliol*, Son of *John Baliol*, made pretensions to the Crown of *Scotland* against the young King, being assisted by King *Edward*, notwithstanding King *David* of *Scotland* had married his Sister. During which Commotions the *English* recovered *Barwick* upon *Tweed*, and in one Battel killed 30,000 *Scots*, whereupon *Edward Baliol* did Homage to the King of *England* for the Crown of *Scotland*. By this time King *Edward* being come to his riper years, upon the instigation of *Robert* Earl of *Artois*, undertook an expedition into *France*, and taking upon him the Title and Arms of *France*, renewed his Pretensions to that Crown. In this Expedition he entirely routed the *French* Fleet near *Sluys*, which was sent to hinder his landing, and defeated 30,000. Men. and after he had besieged *Tournay*, he made a Truce with them for twelve Months. In the mean while the *English* were engaged in a War with the *Scots*, who, under the Conduct of their former King *David*, had driven out *Edward Baliol*.



*liol.* The time of the Truce being expir'd, the War began afresh in *France*, where, among other places, the *English* took *Angoulesme*. King *Edward* himself came with a great Army into *Normandy*, and took, both there and in *Picardy*, a great many places from the *French*: At last a bloody Battel was fought betwixt them near *Crecy* in *Picardy*, wherein the *English*, tho' but 30,000. strong, fought against 60,000 *French*, killing 30,000. upon the Spot, among whom were 1500. persons of Quality. The next day after 7000 *French* were cut to pieces by the *English*, who, not knowing what happened the day before, were upon their march to the *French* Camp. In this Battel no Quarter was given on either side. Much about the same time King *David* of *Scotland* enter'd *England* with an Army of 60,000 Men, to make a Diversion in behalf of *France*; but he was defeated in a great Battel, and himself taken Prisoner. The *English* had no less success the same Year in *Britainy* and *Guienne*. In the Year next following King *Edward* took the City of *Calais*, which he fill'd with *English* Inhabitants. Prince *Edward*, Son to *Edward* III. whom his Father had sent with an Army into *Guienne*, behaved himself very valiantly, making great havock where-ever he came. *John* King of *France* drew out an Army against him of 60,000. Men, tho' the Prince was not above 8000. strong; upon this the King, thinking he had catch'd the Bird in the Net, would not accept of any Conditions, tho' never so advantageous. But Prince *Edward* having posted his Men betwixt the Bushes and Vineyards, from thence so gall'd the *French* Horse with his long Bows, that they being repulsed, put all the rest in confusion; King *John* himself was taken Prisoner, as also his youngest Son, and above 1700 persons of Quality were slain. This Battel was fought about two Leagues from *Poitiers*. At last, after King *Edward* had with three Armies overrun the greatest part of *France*, a Peace was concluded by the Mediation of the Pope.



## VIII. BIOGRAPHY.

*Part of the Emperor TITUS VESPASIAN'S  
Life from Mr. ECHARD'S Roman History.*

**Y**OUNG *Vespasian* was no less active than his Father in repairing of ancient Buildings, and erecting of new; and after he had dedicated the famous Amphitheater, and with admirable Expedition finish'd the Baths hard by, he exhibited many Shows which were very sumptuous and magnificent. He presented also the People with a Naval Battel, in the old *Naumachia*, as also a Prize by his Gladiators in the same Place; and in one Day he caus'd 5000 Wild Beasts of all Kinds to be baited for the Satisfaction of the Citizens. These publick Rejoycings and Festivals were continu'd for a hundred Days successively; in which and in all other Cases, he treated the People with exceeding Kindness and Affability, and having design'd to give them the Diversion of the Gladiators, he order'd it to be proclaim'd, That all Things should be exhibited, not according to his own Fancy, but the Pleasure of the Spectators; nay he was so far from refusing what they desir'd, that he earnestly solicited them to declare their Minds. Moreover, his Complaisance was so great, that tho' in his Judgment he was for one Party of the Gladiators, yet he many times joyn'd both in Voice and Gesture with the Opinion of the People; yet still so as to retain the Majesty of an Emperor, and to do no Injustice in the Distribution of the several Prizes. And that he might not be deficient in any point of Popularity, he permitted those of the common Rank to have access into his Baths, while he was bathing himself. His Liberality, Courtesie, and Readiness to do good, have been observ'd and applauded by Writers in all Ages; and even St. *Augustine* stil'd him by the Title of a most sweet Prince



*Prince.* One of his principal Methods was never to send away any Petitioner with an unpleasing Answer, nor without some hopes of Success; and thereupon being advertised by some of his Council, *That he promis'd more than he seem'd able to perform, he made Answer, That no Man ought to depart sorrowful from the Presence of a Prince;* an Answer, that sufficiently shew'd his Disposition to Mercy and Goodness. He was naturally so desirous of doing Good, and of assisting others in all Kinds of Necessities, that one Night being told, that he had done nothing for any Person that Day, he with a heavy Countenance, express'd his Dissatisfaction in this memorable Apophthegm, AMICI, DIEM PERDIDI, *My Friends, I have lost a Day;* a Sentence worthy of an Emperor, and to be retain'd in the Memory of all Princes!

# IX. *An Account of the Greatest English Poets by Mr. ADDISON.* [April. 3. 1694]

**L**ong had our dull fore-fathers slept supine,  
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;  
'Till CHAUCER first, a merry Bard, arose,  
And many a story told in rhyme, and prose.  
But age has rusted what the Poet writ,  
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:  
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,  
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old SPENSER next, warm'd with poetick rage,  
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;  
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,  
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd  
Thro' pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,  
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.

But

But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,  
Can charm an understanding age no more;  
The long-spun allegories fulsom grow,  
While the dull moral lies too plain below.

We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights  
Of arms and paltries, battles, fields and fights  
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.  
But when we look too near, the shades decay,  
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great COWLEY then (a mighty genius) wrote,  
O'er run with wit, and lavish of his thought:  
His turns too closely on the reader press:  
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.  
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes  
With silent wonder; but new wonders rise.  
As in the milky-way a shining white  
O'erflows the heav'ns with one continued light;  
That not a single Star can shew his rays,  
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.  
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name  
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;  
Thy fault is only wit in its excess:  
But wit like thine in any shape will please.  
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,  
And fit the deep-mouth'd *Pindar* to thy lyre:  
*Pindar*, whom others in a labour'd strain,  
And forc'd expression imitate in vain?  
Well-pleas'd in the he soars with new delight,  
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler  
flight.

Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays  
Employ'd the tuneful *Prelate* in thy praise;  
Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known,  
In *Sprat's* successful labours and thy own.

But MILTON next, with high and haughty stalks,  
Unfetter'd in majestick numbers walks:

No vulgar hero can his Muse ingage;  
 Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.  
 See! see! he upwards springs, and tow'ring high  
 Spurns the dull province of mortality,  
 Shakes heav'n's eternal throne: with dire alarms,  
 And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.  
 What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,  
 Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,  
 Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,  
 And seems above the criticks nicer laws.  
 How are you struck with terror and delight  
 When Angel with Arch-angel copes in fight!  
 When great *Messiah's* out-spread banner shines,  
 How does the chariot rattle in his lines!  
 What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,  
 And stun the reader with the din of war!  
 With fear my spirits and my blood retire,  
 To see the Seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;  
 But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,  
 And view the first gay scenes of *Paradise*;  
 What Tongue, what Words of rapture can express  
 A vision so profuse of pleasantness!  
 Oh had the Poët ne'er profan'd his pen,  
 To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;  
 His other works might have deserv'd applause!  
 But now the language can't support the cause;  
 While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,  
 Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,  
 Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;  
 The courtly WALLER next commands thy lays:  
 Muse, tune thy verse, with art to WALLER's praises  
 While tender airs and lovely dames inspire  
 Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;  
 So long shall WALLER's strains our passion move,  
 And *Saccharissa's* beauty kindle love.

Thy verse, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring song,  
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong,  
Thy verse can show ev'n *Cromwell's* innocence,  
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.  
Oh had thy Muse not come an age too Soon,  
But seen great *Nassau* on the *British* throne!  
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page  
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!  
What Scenes of death and horror had we view'd,  
And how had *Boyn's* wide current reek'd in blood!  
Or if *Maria's* charms thou wou'dst rehearse,  
In smother numbers and a softer verse;  
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,  
And *Gloriana* wou'd have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon (\*) pass neglected by,  
That makes ev'n Rules a noble poetry:  
Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show  
The best of criticks, and of poets too.  
Nor, DENHAM, must we e'er forget thy strains,  
While Cooper's Hill (\*\*) commands the neighb'ring plains.

But see where artful DRYDEN next appears  
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.  
Great DRYDEN next, whose tuneful Muse affords  
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest Words.  
Whether in Comick sounds or Tragick airs  
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.  
If Satire or heroick strains she writes,  
Her Hero pleases, and her Satire bites,  
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,  
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all,  
How might we fear our *English* Poetry,  
That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee;  
Did

(\*) See his Description of the last Day, above page. 10.

(\*\*) See a piece of it below pag. th.

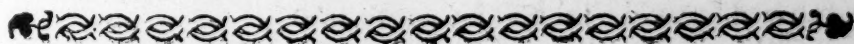


Did not the Muses other hope appear,  
 Harmonious CONGREVE, and forbid our fear:  
 CONGREVE! whose fancy's unexhausted store  
 Has given already much, and promis'd more.  
 CONGREVE shall still preserve thy fame alive,  
 And DRYDEN's Muse shall in his Friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and wou'd fain give  
 o'er,

But justice still demands one labour more:  
 The noble MONTAGUE remains unnam'd,  
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;  
 To DORSET he directs his artful Muse,  
 In numbers such as DORSET's self might use,  
 How negligently graceful he unreins  
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;  
 How *Nassau's* godlike acts adorn his lines,  
 And all the Hero in full glory shines,  
 We see his army set in just array,  
 And *Boyn's* dy'd waves run purple to the Sea.  
 Nor *Simois* chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,  
 Nor rapid *Xanthus'* celebrated flood.  
 Shall longer be the Poet's highest themes;  
 Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their  
 streams.

But now; to *Nassau's* secret councils rais'd;  
 He aids the Hero, whom before he prais'd.



## X. DESCRIPTIONS.

**T**HEOPHILUS, being weary of the Country where he  
 dwelt, and finding no satisfaction in any thing  
 that he enjoyed, took a resolution to shift his  
 seat

feat, and to seek for that, of which he felt as great a desire as he did a want, in some other Land.

Many strange Countries there were which he visited in pursuance of this purpose: many steep Hills he climbed and many dangerous precipices he narrowly escaped, he committed himself not once or twice to the anger of the Sea, expecting to be brought to the Port which he so much wished: But still he was as far from the accomplishment of his desires, as when he first launched out, and found all his pains rewarded with nothing but weariness and tired spirits.

*From Dr. S. PATRICK'S Pilgrim chap. I.*

## XI. *On a Northern Winter by Mr. PHILIPS, To the Earl of Dorset.*

*Copenhagen, March 9. 1709.*

**F**rom frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,  
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,  
What present shall the muse to *Dorset* bring,  
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?  
The hoary winter here conceals from sight  
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.  
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,  
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,  
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,  
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breez prepares the spring,  
No birds within the desert region sing.  
The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,  
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.  
The vast *Leviathan* wants room to play,  
And spout his waters in the face of day.

The

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,  
 And to the moon in icy valleys howl.  
 O'er many a shining league the level main  
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:  
 There solid billows of enormous size,  
*Alps* of green ice, in wild disorder rise.  
 And yet not lately have I seen, ev'n here,  
 The Winter in a lovely dress appear.  
 E're yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,  
 Or Winds begun through hazy skies to blow,  
 At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose,  
 And the descending rain unsully'd froze.  
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view  
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,  
 And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes.  
 For ev'ry shrub, an every blade of grass,  
 And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;  
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,  
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow.  
 The thick-sprung reeds, which watry marshes yield,  
 Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.  
 The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,  
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:  
 The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,  
 Glaz'd over, in the freeziug æther shine.  
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun  
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.  
 When if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
 The brittle forest into atoms flies,  
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,  
 And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends:  
 Or, if a southern gale the region warm,  
 And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,  
 The traveller a miry country sees,  
 And dournies sad beneath the dropping trees:

Like

Like some deluded peasant, *Merlin* leads,  
Through fragrant bow'rs, and through delicious meads,  
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,  
And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,  
His wandering feet the magick paths pursue,  
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,  
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,  
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,  
A tedious road the weary wretch returns  
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

---

## XII. *The Picture of a Fine April Morning,* by Mr. WELSTED

**T**He Snows are melted, and the Frosts are past;  
Nor do we longer dread the wintry Blast;  
What Garland shall *Amintor* now design?  
What Wreath, *Zelinda*, round thy Temples twine?

The dawning Year revives the Poët's Fire;  
Soft Strains of Love returning Suns inspire;  
In every Wood, behold, in every Glade,  
Thè unfully'd Verdure, and the growing shade?  
All Nature, like a Bride, emerges bright;  
And her lap teems, luxuriant with Delight.

O'er tepid Plains the tempering Zephyrs pass,  
Call forth the bursting Leaves, and spring the Grass:  
Afresh the painted *Pansy* rears its Head;  
The whitened Meadow starry *Daisies* spread:  
The Birds Sweet-warble from the lappy Boughs;  
And Swains in tuneful sighs renew their Vows.

Inspire, o blooming Maid, my artless lay,  
While I recall our first auspicious Day;  
The Dawn! my Fair, when early I address  
My tender suit, and sigh'd upon thy Breast!



*Zelinda* blush'd: a Blush the Morning wore.  
*Zelinda* smil'd: Nor was it Day before.  
 The Sun a radiant Lustre holds a while;  
 The Image of *Zelinda's* gleamy Smile:  
 A feeble Shine does on the Water play,  
 And disappear by Turns; a fickle Ray.  
*Zelinda* wept: when soon the changing Skies,  
 Grow black with gathering Clouds, that Westward rise:  
 Thin-scatter'd now the Drops, like Gems, descend;  
 Now with the frequent Shower the Lillies bend:  
 How calm the Air! A pleasing stillness reigns;  
 And the moist Verdure brightens through the Plains:  
 Soft-sinking falls the silver Rain: When Lo!  
 Athwart the Horizon stretch'd, the Watry Bow  
 Swells its proud Arch, with braided Colours gay,  
 That interchange their Dyes, and swift decay.  
 The Clouds Disperse: The Sun pursues on High  
 His vaulted Course, and glows along the Sky:  
 The *Linnets* in the dewy Bushes sing;  
 And every Field is redolent of Spring.

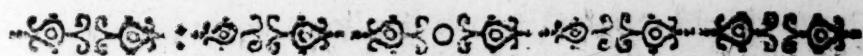
Such was the Morn, *Zelinda*; may it prove  
 A happy Emblem of *Aminor's* Love!  
 Begun by smiling Hopes, but soon o'ercast!  
 Our jealous Fears, like Clouds, dispers'd at last.  
 Pensive I hung my Head, like drooping Flowers;  
 And Tears my Bosom dew'd, like gentle Showers:  
 But soon with settled Joys my Soul is blest;  
 Thy Face, my Heaven, in lasting Smiles is drest.  
 Let fond Distrust no more past Pains renew:  
 While thou art Kind, *Aminor* will be True.

### XIII. Part of Sir JOHN DENHAM'S Poem entitled Cooper's Hill.

SURE there are Poëts which did never dream  
 Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the stream

Of

Of *Helicon*, we therefore may suppose  
 Those made not Poëts, but the Poëts those,  
 And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court;  
 So' where the Muses and their train resort,  
*Parnassus* stands; if I can be to thee  
 A Poët, thou *Parnassus* art to me.  
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,  
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)  
 Through untrac't ways, and aery Paths I fly,  
 More boundless in my Fancy than my eie:  
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space,  
 That lies between, and first salutes the place.  
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,  
 That whether 'tis a part of Earth, or Sky,  
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud  
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,  
*Pauls*, the late theme of such a Muse whose flight: [*Waller*  
 Has bravely reach't and soar'd above thy height  
 Now shalt thou stand though sword, or time, or fire,  
 Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,  
 Secure, whilst thee the best of Poëts sings,  
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of Kings.  
 Under his proud survey the city lies,  
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;  
 Whose state and wealth the business and the crowd,  
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:  
 And is to him who rightly things esteems,  
 No other in effect than what it seems:  
 Where, with like haste, though several ways, they run  
 Some to undo, and some to be undone;  
 While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,  
 Are each the others ruin, and increase;  
 As Rivers lost in Seas some secret vein  
 Thence reconveighs, there to be lost again.  
 Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!  
 To be at once secure, and innocent. &c.



## XIV. POETRY.

An Essay on Blank Verse; taken by the  
Earl of ROSCOMON, from MILTON'S  
*Paradise lost, Book VI.*

**H**Ave we forgot how *Raphael's* Num'rous Prose  
Led our exalted Souls thro' heav'nly Camps,  
And mark'd the ground where proud Apostate  
Thrones.

Defy'd JEHOVAH! Here, 'twixt Host and Host,  
(A narrow but a dreadful Interval)  
Portentous Sight! before the Cloudy Van  
*Satan* with vast and haughty Strides advanc'd,  
Came tow'ring arm'd in Adamant and Gold.  
There bellowing Engines, with their fiery Tubes,  
Dispers'd Æthereal Forms, and down they fell  
By thousands, Angels on Arch-Angels rowl'd;  
Recover'd to the Hills they ran, they flew,  
Which (with their pond'rous load, Rocks Waters, Woods,)   
From their firm Seats torn by the shaggy Tops,  
They bore like Shields before them thro' the Air,  
'Till more incens'd they hurl'd 'em at their Foes.  
All was Confusion, Heav'ns Foundations shook,  
Threatning no less than Universal Wrack,  
For *Michael's* Arm main Promontories flung,  
And over-prest whole Legions weak with Sin;  
Yet they Blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,  
'Till the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd,  
And (arm'd with Vengeance) God's Victorious *Sax*  
(Effulgence of Paternal Deity)  
Grasping ten thousand Thunders in his Hand

Drove th' old Original Rebels headlong down,  
And sent them flaming to the vast Abyfs.

---

**XV. CATO solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the Table by him.**

**I**T must be-so -- *Plato* thou reason'st well! ----  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heav'n itself, that points out an Hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!  
Through what variety of untry'd being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?  
The wide, th'unbounded prospect, lies before me?  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.  
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,  
(And that there is all nature cries aloud  
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in, must be happy.  
But when! or where! ---- This world was made for *Cæsar*.  
I'm weary of conjectures ---- This must end 'em

*(Laying his hand on his sword)*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life;  
My bane and antidote are both before me:  
This in a moment brings me to an end;

**But**



But this informs me I shall never die,  
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in Years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?  
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?  
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,  
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,  
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,  
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,  
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear  
Disturb man's rest: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,  
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

*Act. V. Scene 1. of Mr. ADDISON'S Cato.*

## XVI. A Character of the same, from *Mr. POPE'S* prologue to *CATO*.

**W**Hile *Cato* gives his little Senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?  
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?  
Even when proud *Cæsar* 'midst triumphal cars,  
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
Show'd *Rome* her *Cato's* figure drawn in state,  
As her dead father's reverend image past,  
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,

The triumph ceas'd -- tears gush'd from every eye,  
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;  
Her last good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,  
And honour'd *Cæsar's* less than *Cato's* sword.

---

XVII. *David's Serenade, a Lyric Ode, by*  
*Mr. COWLEY.*  
[ *David's B. III.* ]

I.  
**A** Wake, awake my *Lyre*,  
And tell thy *silent Master's* humble tale,  
In sounds that may prevail;  
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,  
Though so *exalted* she  
And I so *Lowly* be,  
Tell her such *different Notes* make all thy *Harmonie*.

II.  
Hark, how the strings awake,  
And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,  
Themselves with awful fear,  
A Kind of hum'rous *Trembling* make.  
Now all thy Forces try,  
Now all thy Charms apply,  
Revenge upon her *Ear* the *Conquests* of her *Eye*.

III.  
Weak *Lyre!* thy vertue sure  
Is useless here, since thou art only found  
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,  
And she to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.  
Too weak too wilt thou prove  
My *Passion* to remove,  
*Physick* to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nonrishment* to *Love*.

IV.

IV.

*Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre;*  
 For thou canst better tell my humble tale,  
 In sounds that will prevail,  
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;  
 All thy vain mirth lay by,  
 Bid thy Strings silent ly.  
*Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Master dy.*

---

XVIII. Mr. AMBROSE PHILLIP'S  
*Vltb Pastoral.*

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

*Ger.* **H**OW still the sea behold! how calm the sky!  
 And how in sportive chase, the swallows fly!  
 My goats, secure from harm, small tendance  
 need,

While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed:  
 And here below, the banky shore along,  
 Your heifers graze. Now, then, to strive in song  
 Prepare. As eldest, *Hobbinol* begin;  
 And *Languet's* rival-verse, by turns, come in.

*Hob.* Let others stake what chosen pledge they will,  
 Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with skill:  
 For praise we sing, nor wager ought beside;  
 And, whose the praise, let *Geron's* lips decide.

*Lang.* To *Geron* I my voice, and skill, commend,  
 A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

*Ger.* Begin then, boys; and vary well your song:  
 Begin: nor fear, from *Geron's* sentence, wrong.  
 A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,  
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,  
 I to the victor give: no mean reward,  
 If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd.

*Hob.*

*Hob.* The snows are melted; and the kindly rain  
Descends on every herb, and every grain:  
Soft balmy breezes breathe along the sky,  
The bloomy season of the Year is nigh.

*Lang.* The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love;  
The turtle's moan is hear'd in every grove;  
The pastures change; the warbling linnets sing;  
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy spring.

*Hob.* When locusts, in the ferny bushes, cry,  
When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns ly,  
Graze then in woods, and quit the shadeless plain;  
Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain.

*Lang.* When greens to yellow vary, and ye see  
The ground bestrew'd with fruits off every tree,  
And stormy winds are hear'd, think winter near,  
Nor trust too far to the declining Year.

*Hob.* Woe then alack! befall the spendthrift swain,  
When frost, and snow, and hail, and sleet, and rain,  
By turns chastise him, while, through little care,  
His sheep, unshelter'd, pine in nipping air.

*Lang.* The lad of forecast then untroubled sees  
The white-bleak plains, and silvery frosted trees;  
He feeds his flock, and, clad in homely frize,  
In his warm cott the wintery blast defies.

*Hob.* Full fain, O bless'd *Eliza!* would I praise  
Thy maiden rule, and *Albion's* golden days:  
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the shepherd's friend:  
Eternal blessings on his shade attend!

*Lang.* Thrice happy shepherds now! for *Dorset* loves  
The country-muse, and our resounding groves,  
While *Anna* reigns: O, ever, may she reign!  
And bring, on earth, the golden age again.

*Hob.* I love, in secret all, a beauteous maid,  
And have my love, in secret all, repaid;  
This coming night she plights her troth to me:  
Divine her name and thou the victor be. *Lang.*



*Lang.* Mild as the lamb, unharmsful as the dove,  
True as the turtle, is the maid I love:  
How we in secret love, I shall not say:  
Divine her name, and I give up the day.

*Hob.* Soft on a cowslip-bank my love and I  
Together lay; a brook ran murmuring by:  
A thousand tender things to me she said;  
And I a thousand tender things repaid.

*Lang.* In summer-shade, behind the cocking hay,  
What kind endearing Words did she not say!  
Her lap, with apron deck'd, she fondly spread,  
And strok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head.

*Hob.* Breathe soft ye Winds; ye waters gently flow;  
Shield her ye trees; ye flowers around her grow:  
Ye swains, I beg ye, pass in silence by;  
My love, in yonder vale, asleep does ly.

*Lang.* Once *Delia* slept on easy moss reclin'd,  
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:  
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:  
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

*Hob.* As *Marian* bathed, by chance I pass'd by;  
She blush'd, and at me glanc'd a sidelong eye:  
Then, cowering in the treacherous stream, she try'd  
Her tempting form, yet still in vain, to hide.

*Lang.* As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,  
Fond *Lydia*, lurking, in the sedges lay:  
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,  
Yet oft' she stopp'd, and oft' she turn'd her eye.

*Hob.* When first I saw, would I had never seen,  
Young *Lyset* lead the dance on yonder green,  
Intent upon her beauties, as she mov'd,  
Poor heedless wretch! at unawares I lov'd.

*Lang.* When *Lucy* decks with flowers her swelling breast,  
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest,  
Unable to refrain my gadding mind,  
Nor herds, nor pasture, worth my care I find.

*Hob.* Come, *Rosalind*, O, come! for wanting thee,  
Our Peopled vale a desert is to me.  
Come, *Rosalind*, O, come! my Brinded kine,  
My snowy sheep; my farm, and all, are thine.

*Lang.* Come, *Rosalind*, O, come! Here shady bowers;  
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers:  
Come, *Rosalind*! Here ever let us stay,  
And sweetly while the live-long time away.

*Hob.* In vain the seasons of the moon I know,  
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow:  
No herb there is, no season, to remove  
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

*Lang.* What profits me, that I in charms have skill,  
And ghosts, and goblins, order as I will,  
Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay  
The sprite, that breaks my quiet night and day?

*Hob.* O that, like *Colin*, I had skill in rhymes,  
To purchase credit with succeeding times!  
Sweet *Colin Clout*! who never, yet, had peer;  
Who sung through all the seasons of the Year.

*Lang.* Let me, like *Merlin*, sing: his Voice had power  
To free the 'clipping moon at midnight hour:  
And, as he sung, the fairies with their queen,  
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.

*Hob.* Last eve of *May* did I not hear them sing,  
And see their dance? And I can shew the ring,  
Where, hand in hand, they shift their feet so light:  
The grass springs greener from their tread by night.

*Lang.* But hast thou seen their king, in rich array,  
Fam'd *Oberon*, with damask'd robe so gay,  
And gemmy crown, by moonshine sparkling far,  
And azure scepter, pointed with a star?

*Ger.* Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;  
And both with *Colin* may, in rhyme, compare.

A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,  
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,  
 To each I give. A mizzling mist descends  
 Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends  
 Yon distant rain. Shoreward the vessels strive;  
 And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

XIX. *Mr. EDM. WALLER, on the Discove-  
 ry of a Lady's Painting.*

**P***igmalion's* fate revert is mine.  
 His marble Love took flesh and Bloud;  
 All that I worshipt as Divine,  
 That Beauty now 'tis understood,  
 Appears to have no more of life  
 Than that whereof he fram'd his Wife.

2. As Women yet who apprehend  
 Some sudden cause of causeless fear,  
 Although that seeming cause take end,  
 And they behold no danger near,  
 A shaking through their Limbs they find.  
 Like leaves saluted by the Wind:

3. So though the Beauty do appear  
 No Beauty, which amaz'd me so;  
 Yet from my breast I cannot tear  
 The passion which from thence did grow;  
 Nor yet out of my fancy raise  
 The print of that supposed face.

[ *face*

4. A real Beauty, though too near,  
 The fond *Narcissus* did admire;  
 I dote on that which is no where,  
 The sign of Beauty feeds my fire:  
 No mortal Flame was e're so cruel  
 As this which thus survives the fuel.

XX. *A Song from Mr. GAY's XLVth. Fable.*

I.  
**G**O, Rose, my *Chloe's* bosom grace,  
 How happy should I prove,  
 Might I supply that envy'd place  
 With never-fading love!  
 There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,  
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!

II.  
 Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find  
 More fragrant roses there;  
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd  
 With envy and despair!  
 One common fate we both must prove;  
 You die with envy, I with love.

XXI. *Part of Mr GAY's XXXVII th. Fable.*

**B**etwixt her swagging pannier's load  
 A Farmer's wife to market rode,  
 And, jogging on, with thoughtful care  
 Summ'd up the profits of her ware;  
 When, starting from her silver dream,  
 Thus far and wide was heard her scream.  
 That raven on yon left-hand oak  
 (Curse on his ill-betiding croak)  
 Bodes, me no good. No more she said;  
 When poor blind *Ball* with stumbling tread  
 Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,  
 And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.  
 She, sprawling in the yellow road,  
 Rail'd, swore and curst. Thou croaking toad,  
 A murrain take thy whoreson throat!  
 I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame



Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,  
 Unclench your fist, and wipe your cloaths,  
 But why on me those curses thrown?  
 Goody, the fault was all your own;  
 For had you laid this brittle ware  
 On *Dun*, the old sure-footed mare,  
 Though all the Ravens of the *Hundred*  
 With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd;  
 Sure-footed *Dun* had kept *her* legs,  
 And you, good Woman, sav'd your eggs.

XXII. EPIGRAMS.

I. By AMBROSE PHILLIPS Esq: -

GEORGE came to the Crown without striking a blow:  
 Ah, quoth the *Pretender*, would I could do so!

2. *Upon his most Excellent Majesty King FREDERICK the Fifth's Birth-Day, falling on GOOD FRIDAY [1747.]*  
 by B. -- C.

Q. This DAY you all style GOOD, tell me the Cause I pray?  
 A. On it CHRIST sav'd the WORLD. and 'tis our KING's  
 [ BIRTHDAY.

3. *Upon being asked what Thought is.* By AMER. PHILLIPS Esq:  
 The Hermit's Solace in his Cell,  
 The Fire that warms the Poet's Brain,  
 The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell,  
 The Madman's port, the Wiseman's Pain.

CRITICISM.

XXIII. From the life of King *DAVID*,  
 reprinted, London: 1740. 8vo.

I know but one description [says our incomparable Writer] in the whole compass of Heathen poetry that deserves

serves once to be named with *David's* account of the tempest which scattered his enemies, (a) and delivered him; and that is *Virgil's* noble description of a tempest, in the first of his *Georgics*, and to me the noblest effort of his genius! The classic reader will not, I hope, think much to indulge me a few moments in a short comparison and critic upon them both.

*VIRGIL's Tempest* is well known: and whose noble lines (b) are thus translated with uncommon spirit, closeness, and justness, by an anonymous author (c);

*Oft from above descends a troop of floods;  
Oft gather from the deep the thick'ning clouds;  
Down rush the Skies, and with impetuous rain  
Wash out the ox's toil, and sweep away the grain:  
The dikes are fill'd, no bounds the torrents keep;  
And with the breathing surges boils the deep:  
Amidst a night of clouds, his glitt'ring fire,  
And rattling thunder, hurls th' eternal Sire:  
Far shakes the earth: beasts fly, and mortal hearts  
Pale fear dejects: He, with refulgent darts,  
Or Rhodope, or Atho's lofty crown,  
Or steep Ceraunia's cliffs, strikes headlong down:  
The rains condense, more furious Auster roars;  
Now with vast winds the woods, now lashes he the shores.*

Mr. DRYDEN's translation is more diffused: but the reader will perceive how much he thought some of *David's* ideas would adorn it.

*And oft whole sheets descend of slucy rain,  
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:*

*The*

---

(a) *DAVID's Account* is well known being the Middle of the XVIIIth. Psalm from Verse 6th, to Verse 15th. I therefore omit inserting it here.

(b) *The Original*, beginning *Sæpe etiam immensum &c.* I here pass by as forreign to my Design. (c) *Virgil's Husbandry; or an Essay on the Georgics.* Lond. 1725. 4to.

*The lofty skies at once come pouring down,  
 The promis'd crop, and golden labours, drown.  
 The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound  
 The rising rivers float the nether ground;  
 And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound.  
 The Father of the Gods his glory shrouds,  
 Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds;  
 And from the middle darkness, flashing out  
 By fits, he deals his fiery bolts about.  
 Earth feels the motions of her angry God;  
 Her intrails tremble, and her mountains nod;  
 And flying beasts in forests seek abode:  
 Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast;  
 Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd:  
 While He from high his rōlling thunder throws,  
 And fires the mountains with repeated blows:  
 The rocks are from their old foundations rent;  
 The winds redouble, and the rains augment:  
 The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore,  
 And now the woods, and now the billows roar.*

The learned reader hath now both descriptions fairly before him, and will supply, from his own better judgment, what is defective in each translation. I shall beg leave to point out the beauties of both; and when I have done so, the reader will determine for himself.

Psalm XVIII. vers 6. *He heard my voice out of his temple.* Can there be a nobler idea, than to consider the heavens as the temple of God! this temple incompasses the universe, and there the whole creation are in the presence of their Maker.

Vers 7. &c. *He was wroth, and the earth trembled and shook.* --- *He bowed the heavens, and came down.* -- *He rode upon a cherub.* -- *He flew upon the wings of the Wind.* -- *He made darkness his pavilion.* -- *At the brightness before him his clouds passed away.*

The grandeur of these ideas is much easier conceived than explained. What

What poetry ever equalled the magnificence of this style! What ideas of the Divinity does it inspire! What must we think of that mighty Being, at whose wrath *the earth trembles*, and the heavens are humbled at his feet! *Angels and winds* his vehicles! His voice is *thunder*; and *lightnings* the kindling of his *breath*! His Majesty veiled in *darkness*; and yet even so, the *clouds passing away*, at the *glory that went before him*!

In *Virgil*, *Jupiter*, in the dark centre of his *showers* deals about his thunders with his flaming right-hand: earth trembles at the mighty motion; the beasts of the forest fly; and humble fear prostrates the haughty heart of man.

Nothing can be more nobly terrible, than the former part of this description, nor more affecting and touching than the last! For my own part, I never read it but my blood was curdled and my pride quelled.

He goes on: ---- "He (that is, *Jupiter*) beats down" "*Atho* or *Rhodope*, or the lofty *Ceraunian* promontary; "with his red hot bolts --- The winds double, and the "showers thicken; the forest and the shores resound."

You see the lightnings fly, in this description. You hear the rattling of the thunder, in that noble line (and the beginning of the next);

*Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen aut alta Ceraunia telo Dejicit.*

You hear the crash of the falling mountains; the thickening shower patters in your ears, and the tempest roars.

All this is unquestionably noble: --- but the reader will observe this essential and truly poetic difference between the two descriptions; that in *Virgil*, every thing but the thunder is natural action, and even that is acted and wielded with dreadful force; the effect of which motion is an earthquake.

In



In *David*, the whole universe is animated at the presence of God, affrighted at his wrath, and obedient to his beck! *God is angry; and the earth trembles; and coals kindle at his breath; and hail-stones fly before him.*

*Virgil's Jupiter* wields his thunders: *JEHOVAH* commands his, and they obey. *Jupiter* deals about his bolts in the attitude of an heated hero; or, to speak more properly, a giant of resistless strength! *JEHOVAH* but sends out his arrows; they know what to do, they *tear* and *disperse*, and his *lightning confounds*.

*Jupiter* is angry, and he beats down a mountain! *JEHOVAH* is wroth, and the earth feels it; *and the foundations of the mountains are tossed to and fro*, tremble and shake like the joints of an affrighted man! At one *blast of his breath* the ocean opens to her deepest channels; and the foundations of the earth are bared before him.

In a word: *Virgil's* description is truly noble; but *David's* beyond all expression grand! (\*)

#### XXIV. COMIC-STYLE, Mr. PRIOR's Ladle.

THE Scepticks think 'twas long ago,  
 Since Gods came down *Incognito*;  
 To see who were their Friends or Foes,  
 And how our Actions fell, or rose.  
 That, since they gave Things their Beginning;  
 And set this Whirlisig a Spinning;  
 Supine they in their Heav'n remain,  
 Exempt from Passion, and from Pain:  
 And frankly leave us Human Elves,  
 To cut and shuffle for our selves;  
 To stand, or walk, to rise, or tumble;  
 As Matter, and as Motion jumble.

F

The

(\*) The Reader may see other fine Pieces of English Criticism in POPE'S, ROSCOMON'S & MULGRAVE'S Essays, CONSTABLE on Style, &c.

The Poëts now, and Painters hold  
 This *Thesis* both absurd and bold:  
 And your good natur'd Gods, they say,  
 Descend some twice or thrice a Day;  
 Else all these Things we toil so hard in,  
 Would not avail one single Farthing:  
 For when the Hero we rehearse,  
 To grace his Actions, and our Verse;  
 'Tis not by dint of Human Thought,  
 That to his *Latium* he is brought:  
*Iris* descends, by Fate's commands,  
 To guide his Steps through Foreign Lands;  
 And *Amphitrité* clears his Way,  
 From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.

And if you see him in a Sketch,  
 Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Carache*,  
 He shows not half his Force and Strength;  
 Strutting in Armour, and at Length:  
 That he may make his proper Figure,  
 The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger;  
 The *Nymphs* conduct him to the Field:  
 One holds his Sword, and one his Shield:  
*Mars* standing by asserts his Quarrel;  
 And *Fame* flies after with a Lawrel.

These Points, I say, of Speculation,  
 As 'twere to save or sink the Nation,  
 Men idly learned will dispute,  
 Assert, object, confirm, refute;  
 Each mighty angry, mighty right,  
 With equal Arms sustains the Fight,  
 'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em;  
 So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in *Equilibrio*,  
 If Deities descend or no?

Then

Then let th' Affirmative prevail,  
As requisite to form my Tale;  
For by all Parties 'tis confess'd,  
That those Opinions are the best,  
Which, in their Nature, most conduce  
To present Ends, and private Use.

¶ Two Gods came, therefore, from above;  
One *Mercury*, the other *Jove*:  
The Humour was, it seems, to know,  
If all the Favours they bestow,  
Could from our own Perversities ease us;  
And if our Wish enjoy'd would please us.

Discouraging largely on this Theme,  
O'er Hills and Dales their Godships came;  
'Till well-nigh tir'd, at almost Night,  
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,  
That, in Disguise, a God or Goddess,  
Exerts no supernatural Powers;  
But acts on Maxims, much like ours.

They spy'd, at last, a Country Farm,  
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;  
For Woods before, and Hills behind,  
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind;  
Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing;  
Good Grain was sow'd; good Fruit was growing;  
Of last Years Corn in Barns great store:  
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door:  
And Wealth, in short, with Peace contented,  
That People here should live contented:  
But, did they, in Effect, do so?  
Have patience, Friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest Farmer and his Wife  
To Years inclin'd, from Prime of Life,

Had struggled with the Marriage Noose,  
(As almost ev'ry Couple does;)  
Sometimes, My Plague; sometimes, My Darling;  
Kissing to Day, to Morrow snarling;  
Jointly submitting to endure  
That Evil, which admits no Cure.

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd;  
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard;  
Thought they were Folks that lost their Way;  
And ask'd them civilly to stay;  
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed,  
They might go on, and be worse sped, - - -

So said, so done; the Gods consent;  
All three into the Parlour went;  
They complement; they sit; they chat;  
Fight o'er the Wars; reform the state;  
A Thousand knotty Points they clear;  
'Till Supper and my Wife appear.

Jove made his Leg, and kiss'd the Dame;  
Obsequious *Hermes* did the same,  
Jove kiss'd the Farmer's Wife, you say;  
He did; - - - but in an honest way;  
Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life,  
With which he kiss'd *Amphitryon's* Wife, - - -

Well then, Things handsomly were serv'd;  
My Mistress for the Strangers carv'd.  
How strong the Beer, how good the Meat,  
How loud they laught, how much they eat,  
In Epic suppers would appear;  
Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here;  
For I should grieve to have it said,  
That, by a fine Description led,  
I made my Episode too long;  
Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.



The Grace-Cup serv'd, the Cloth away,  
 Gave thought it Time to show his Play:  
 Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,  
 Folly and jesting laid aside,  
 That ye thus hospitably live,  
 And Strangers with good Chear receive  
 Is mighty grateful to your betters;  
 And makes ev'n Gods them selves your Debtors,  
 To give this *Thes*i plainier Proof,  
 You have to Night beneath your Roof  
 A Pair of Gods; ---- may, never wonder;  
 This youth can Fly, and I can Thunder,  
 I'm *Jupiter*, and he *Mercurius*,  
 My Page, my Son indeed, but Spurious,  
 Form then three Wishes, you and Madam,  
 And sure as you already had 'em,  
 The Things desir'd, in half an Hour  
 Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.

Thank ye, great Gods, the Woman says;  
 Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.  
 A Ladle for our Silver Dish  
 Is what I want, is what I wish. ....  
 A Ladle! cries the Man, a Ladle!  
 'Odzooks, *Corisca*, you have pray'd ill;  
 What should be Great you turn to Farce,  
 I with the Ladle in your A...

With equal Grief and Shame, my Muse,  
 The Sequel of the Tale pursues:  
 The Ladle fell into the Room,  
 And stuck in old *Corisca's* Bum;  
 Our Couple weep two Wishes past,  
 And kindly join to form the last;  
 To ease the Woman's awkward Pain,  
 And get the Ladle out again.

§. From the 78th T A T T L E R.

**T**His is to give Notice to all ingenious Gentlemen in and about the cities of *London* and *Westminster*, who have a Mind to be instructed in the noble Sciences of *Musick*, *Poetry*, and *Politicks*, that they repair to the *Smyrna* Coffee-house in *Pallmall*, betwixt the Hours of Eight and Ten at Night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate Essays by Word of Mouth on all or any of the abovementioned Arts. The Disciples are to prepare their Bodies with three Dishes of *Bohea*, and purge their Brains with two Pinches of Snuff. If any young Student gives Indication of Parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent Question, one of the Professors shall distinguish him, by taking Snuff out of his Box in the Presence of the whole Audience. N. B. The Seat of Learning is now removed from the corner of the Chimney on the Left Hand towards the Window, to the Round Table in the middle of the Floor over against the Fire; a Revolution greatly lamented by the Porters and Chairmen, who were much edified through a Pane of Glass that remained broken all the last Summer.

§. Dean S W I F T on the Morning.

**N**ow hardly here and there a Hackney Coach  
Appearing shew'd the Ruddy Morn's Approach.  
Now *Betty* from her Master's Bed had flown,  
And softly stole to Discompose her own.  
The slipshod 'Prentice from his Masters Door,  
Had par'd the Street, and sprinkled round the Floor.  
Now *Doll* had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous Airs  
Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.  
The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace  
The kennil Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.  
The Small-coal-Man was heard with Cadence deep,  
'Till drown'd in shriller Notes of Chimney-Sweep.

Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet;  
And Brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half a Street.  
The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,  
Duly let out o' Nights to steal for Fees.  
The warchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands;  
And School-boys lag with Satchels in their Hands,

§. The TATLER No. 110.

AS soon as I had placed my self in my Chair of Judicature, I order'd my Clerk Mr. Lillie, to read to the Assembly (who were gather'd together according to Notice) a certain Declaration, by way of Charge, to open the Purpose of my Session, which tended only to this Explanation, that as other Courts were often called to demand the Execution of Persons dead in Law, so this was held to give the last Orders relating to those who are dead in Reason. The Solicitor of the New Company of Upholders near the Hay-Market appeared in Behalf of that useful Society, and brought in an Accusation of a young Woman, who her self stood at the Bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her Indictment, which was in Substance, That whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pindust, of the Parish of St. Martin in the Fields, had, by the Use of one Instrument called a Looking-glass, and by the further Use of certain Attire, made either of Cambrick, Mussin, or other Linnen Wares, upon her Head, attained to such an evil Art and Magical Force in the Motion of her Eyes and Turn of her Countenance, that she the said Rebecca had put to Death several young Men of the said Parish; and that the said young Men had acknowledged in certain Papers, commonly called Love-Letters, (which were produced in Court, gilded on the Edges, and sealed with a particular Wax, with certain amorous and enchanting Words wrought upon the said Seals) that they died for the said Rebecca: And whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil Practice; this Way of Life

Life the said Society construed to be, according to former Edicts, a State of Death, and demanded an Order for the Interment of the said *Rebecca*.

I LOOK'D upon the Maid with great Humanity, and desired her to make Answer to what was said against her. She said, It was indeed true, that she had practised all the Arts and Means she could to dispose of her self happily in Marriage, but thought she did not come under the Censure expressed in my Writings for the same; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the Ignorance of her Accusers, who according to their own Words, had rather represented her killing, than dead. She further alledged, That the Expressions, mentioned in the Papers written to her, were become meer Words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those, who said they died for her; but that they made their Escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed. She ended her Discourse, by desiring I would for the future settle the Meaning of the Words, *I Die*, in Letters of Love.

Mrs. *PINDUST* behaved her self with such an Air of Innocence, that she easily gained Credit, and was acquitted. Upon which Occasion, I gave it as a standing Rule, That any Persons, who in any Letter, Billet, or Discourse, should tell a Woman he died for her, should if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred, upon such their own Confession, without Bail or Mainprize.

IT happen'd, that the very next, who was brought before me, was one of her Admirers, who was indicted upon that very Head. A Letter which he acknowledged to be his own Hand was read; in which were the following Words; *Cruel Creature, I die for you.* it was observable that he took Snuff all the Time his Accusation was reading. I asked him, How he came to use these Words



Words, if he were not a dead Man? He told me, he was in Love with the Lady, and did not know any other Way of telling her so; and that all his Acquaintance took the same Method. Tho' I was moved with Compassion towards him by reason of the Weakness of his Parts, yet for Example-sake, I was forced to answer; Your Sentence shall be a Warning to all the rest of your Companions; not to tell Lies for want of Wit. Upon this, he began to beat his Snuff Box with a very sawcy Air; and opening it again, Faith, *Isaac*, said he, thou art a very unaccountable old Fellow ---- Prithce, who gave thee Power of Life and Death? What-a-Pox hast thou to do with Ladies and Lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a Man be in Company with his Mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a Jest, telling a Lie? Ha! Is that thy Wisdom, old Stiffump, ha? He was going on with this insipid Common-place Mirth, sometimes opening his Box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the Picture on the Lid, and then the Workmanship of the Hinge, when in the midst of his Eloquence, I ordered his Box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone-dead.

THE next who appeared, was a hale old Fellow of Sixty. He was brought in by his Relations, who desired Leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct Account of the Prisoner, a credible Witness deposed, That he always rose at ten of the Clock, played with his Cat till twelve, smok-ed Tobacco till one, was at Dinner till two, then took another Pipe, played at Backgammon till six, talked of one Madam *Frances*, an old Mistress of his, till eight, repeated the same Account at the Tavern till ten, then returned Home, took t'other Pipe, and then to Bed. I asked him, What he had to say for himself? As to what (said he) they mention concerning Madam *Frances* ---- I did not care for hearing a *Canterbury Tale*, and therefore thought my self seasonably interrupted by a young Gentle-

Gentleman, who appeared in the Behalf of the old Man, and prayed an Arrest of Judgment; for that he the said young Man held certain Lands by his the said old Man's Life. Upon this, the Sollicitor of the Upholders took an Occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several Evidences that witnessed to his Life and Conversation. It appeared, That each of them divided their Hours in Matters of equal Moment and Importance to themselves and to the Publick. They rose at the same Hour: While the old Man was playing with his Cat, the young one was looking out of his Window; while the old Man was smoaking his Pipe, the young Man was rubbing his Teeth; while one was at Dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at Backgammon, the other was at Dinner; while the old Fellow was talking of *Madam Frances*, the young one was either at Play, or toasting Women whom he never convers'd with. The only Difference was, That the young Man had never been good for any Thing; the old Man, a Man of Worth before he knew *Madam Frances*. Upon the whole, I order'd them to be both interred together, with Inscriptions proper to their Characters, signifying, that the old Man died in the Year 1689, and was buried in the Year 1709. And over the young one it was said, That he departed this World in the 25th Year of his Death.

THE next Class of Criminals, were Authors in Prose and Verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born Work, were immediately dismissed to their Burial, and were followed by others, who notwithstanding some sprightly Issue in their Life-time, had given Proofs of their Death by some Posthumous Children, that bore no Resemblance to their elder Brethren. As for those who were the Fathers of a mixed Progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live Child, they escaped with Life, but not without Loss of Limbs; for in this Case, I was satisfied with Amputation of the Parts which were mortified.

THESE

THESE were followed by a great Crowd of Superannuated Benchers of the Inns of Court, Senior Fellows of Colleges, and defunct Statesmen; all whom I order'd to be decimated indifferently, allowing the rest a Reprieve for one Year, with a Promise of a free Pardon in Case of Resuscitation.

THERE were still great Multitudes to be examined, but finding it very late, I adjourned the Court; not without the secret Pleasure that I had done my Duty, and furnished out an handsome Execution.

GOING out of the Court, I received a Letter, informing me, That in Pursuance of the Edict of Justice in one of my late Visions, all those of the Fair Sex began to appear pregnant who had ran any Hazard of it; as was manifest by a particular Swelling in the Petticoats of several Ladies in and about this great City. I must confess, I do not attribute the Rising of this Part of the Dress to this Occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a new and unaccountable Fashion. I shall however pronounce nothing upon it, till I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And in the mean Time, think fit to give this Notice to the fair Ladies who are now making up their Winter-Suits, that they may abstain from all Dresses of that Kind, till they shall find what Judgment will be pass'd upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary Expence; and could not but think my self to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such Garments, when they have laid out Money upon them, without having given them any previous Admonition.

§. *A Letter from a Country School-master to his Mistress.*

*Dear Madam,*

IF there be no proposition towards a conjunction with you, be pleas'd to accept of this interjection of my pre-



tences. For I do join pronouns ad verbum, that I may desire to be adjective to you in all cases; for positively I declare, that, comparatively speaking, I should be superlatively happy, might I engender with you in all moods and tenses. I hope you'll not think me so singular as not to desire to have the plural number in my family; or that I am too masculine to be neuter in regard to ſcæminine: wherefore dear Madam, let us have our affections in the common of two? Far be it from me to decline this conjunction, tho' I am not the first person, nor the second, nor even the third, that hath ſolicited you to be ſubjunctive to his love. I preſume you will not be in the imperative, whiſt I paſs from the optative to the potential: but that you will permit me to make a conjunction copulative of my propria quæ maribus, in your as in preſenti: this will be a particle of happineſs, if you pleaſe actively to give your voice to be paſſive herein; be you but ſupine and I'll be deponent: thus will you ſend the optative part of my ſoul to be a lawful concord with the genitive; my whole income ſhall be dative to you for the preſent, nothing ſhall be accuſative againſt you for the future; and your dear name ſhall ever be my vocative, till death, the great ablative of all things part us.

Feb. 7th, 1747-8.

*Who am dear Madam,  
your moſt obſequious Slave,*

*Maſter True-Love.*

XXV. SATYR.

§. Mr. GAY'S XLII. Fable.

**A** Juggler long through all the town  
Had rais'd his Fortune and renown;  
You'd think (ſo far his art tranſcends)  
The devil at his finger's Ends.



*Vice* heard his fame, she read his bill;  
 Convinc'd of his inferior skill,  
 She sought his booth, and from the croud  
 Defy'd the man of art aloud:  
 Is this then he so fam'd for slight,  
 Can this slow bungler cheat your sight,  
 Dares he with me dispute the prize?  
 I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'tis done.  
 In science I submit to none.

Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd;  
 By turns, this here, that there, convey'd:  
 The cards, obedient to his Words,  
 Are by a fillip turn'd to birds;  
 His little boxes change the grain,  
 Trick after Trick deludes the train.  
 He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,  
 His Fingers spread, and nothing there,  
 Then bids it rain with showers of Gold,  
 And now his iv'ry eggs are told,  
 But when from thence the hen he draws,  
 Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

*Vice* now stept forth and took the place  
 With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,  
 (There, hand it round) will charm your eyes:  
 Each eager eye the sight desir'd,  
 And ev'ry man him self admir'd.

Next, to a Senator addressing;  
 See this Bank-note; observe the blessing:  
 Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.  
 Upon his lips a padlock shone.  
 A second puff the magick broke,  
 The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve Bottles ran'd upon the Board,  
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,  
By clean conveyance disappear,  
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd;  
At once his ready Fingers clos'd;  
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,  
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids Ambition hold a Wand,  
He grasps a hatchet in his Hand.

A box of charity she shows:  
Blow here; and a Church-Warden blows,  
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,  
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,  
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address;  
This picture see; her shape, her breast!  
What youth, and what inviting eyes!  
Hold her, and have her. With surprise,  
His hand expos'd a box of pills;  
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's Hand,  
Grew twenty guineas at command;  
She bids his heir the sum retain,  
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see  
Take every shape but Charity;  
And not one thing, you saw, or drew,  
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,  
With this submission own'd her art.

Can I such matchless flight withstand?  
How practice hath improv'd your hand!  
But now and then I cheat the throng;  
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

§. From the 205th Spectator.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE are none of your Speculations which I read over with greater Delight, than those which are designed for the Improvement of our Sex. You have endeavour'd to correct our unreasonable Fears and Superstitions, in your 7th and 12th Papers: our Fancy for Equipage, in your 15th; our Love of Puppet-Shows, in your 31st; our Notions of Beauty, in your 33d; our Inclination for Romances, in your 37th; our Passion for *French* Fopperies, in your 45th; our Manhood and Party-Zeal, in your 57th; our abuse of Dancing, in your 66th & 67th; our Levity, in your 128th; our Love of Cox-combs, in your 154th, and 157th; our Tyranny over the Henpeckt, in your 176th. You have described the *Pist* in your 41st; the Idol, in your 73d; the Demurrer, in your 89th; the Salamander, in your Hundred and Ninety Eighth. You have likewise taken to Pieces our Dress, and represented to us the Extravagances we are often guilty of in that Particular. You have fallen upon our Patches, in your 50th, and 81st; our Commodes, in your 98th; our Fans in your 102d; our Riding Habits, in your 104th; our Hoop-petticoats, in your 127th (\*); besides a great many little Blemishes which you have touch'd upon in your several other Papers, and in those many Letters that are scattered up and down your Works. At the same Time we must own, that the Complements you

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(\*) All which Papers contain the most delicate turns of Thought and Expression, to be met with in the Satyrical Style.

you pay our Sex are innumerable, and that those very Faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves, nor, as you own, universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain that these your Discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable Part of Womankind, and for the Use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, Sir, there is a Sort of Prostitutes in the lower Part of our Sex, who are a Scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your Censure. I know it would debase your Paper too much to enter into the Behaviour of these Female Libertines; but as your Remarks on some Part of it would be a doing of Justice to several Women of Virtue and Honour, whose Reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the Publick some Accounts of this Nature. You must know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this Letter by the Behaviour of an infamous Woman, who having passed her Youth in a most shameless State of Prostitution, is now one of those who gain their livelihood by seducing others, that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal Commerce between the two Sexes. Among several of her Artifices to get Money, she frequently persuades a vain young Fellow, that such a Woman of Quality, or such a celebrated Toast, entertains a secret Passion for him, and wants nothing but an Opportunity of revealing it: Nay, she has gone so far as to write Letters in the Name of a Woman of Figure to borrow Money of one of these foolish Rod--igo's which she has afterwards appropriated to her own Use. In the mean time, the Person who has lent the Money, has thought a Lady under Obligations to him, who scarce knew his Name; and wondered at her Ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned the Favour, though at the same time he was too much a Man of Honour to put her in mind of it.

WHEN this abandoned Bagage meets with a Man who has Vanity enough to give Credit to Relations of  
this



this Nature, she turns him to very good Account, by repeating Praises that were never uttered, and delivering Messages that were never sent. As the House of this shameless creature is frequented by several Foreigners, I have heard of another Artifice, out of which she often raises Money. The Foreigner sighs after some *British* Beauty, whom he only knows by Fame: Upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a Meeting. The Stranger, ravished at his good Fortune, gives her a Present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary Title; for you must know that this cunning Purveyor has her Representatives, upon this Occasion of some of the finest Ladies in the Kingdom. By this Means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a *German* Count in foreign Countries, that shall make his Boasts of Favours he has received from Women of the highest Ranks, and the most unblemished Characters. Now, Sir, what Safety is there for a Woman's Reputation, when a Lady may be thus prostituted as it were by Proxy, and be reputed an unchaste Woman; as the Hero in the ninth Book of *Dryden's VIRGIL* is looked upon as a Coward, because the Phantom which appeared in his Likeness ran away from *Turnus*? You may depend upon what I relate to you to be Matter of Fact, and the Practice of more than one of these female Panders. If you print this Letter, I may give you some farther Accounts of this vicious Race of Women.

Your humble Servant  
BELVIDERA.

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a country Clergyman, and hope you will lend me your Assistance in ridiculing some little Indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed from the Pulpit. A Widow Lady, who straggled this Summer from *London* into my Parish for the Benefit of the Air, as she

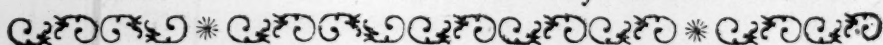
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says,

says, appears every *Sunday* at Church with many fashionable Extravagances, to the great Astonishment of my Congregation. But what gives us the most Offence is her theâtrical Manner of Singing the Psalms. She introduces above fifty *Italian* Airs into the hundredth Psalm, and whilst we begin *All People* in the old solemn Tune of our Forefathers, she in a quite different Key runs Divisions on the Vowels, and adorns them with the Graces of *Nicolini*; if she meets with Eke or Aye, which are frequent in the Metre of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a Minute after us to some sprightly Airs of the Opera. I am very far from being an Enemy to church Music; but fear this Abuse of it may make my *Parish* ridiculous, who already look on the singing Psalms as an Entertainment, and not Part of their Devotion: Besides, I am apprehensive that the Infection may spread, for 'Squire *Squeekum*, who by his Voice seems (if I may use the Expression) to be cut out for an *Italian* Singer, was last *Sunday* practising the same Airs. I know the Lady's Principles, and that she will plead the Toleration: which (as she fancies) allows her Non-conformity in this Particular; but I beg you to acquaint her, that Singing the Psalms in a different Tune from the rest of the Congregation, is a Sort of Schism not to be tolerated by that Act. I am, SIR

Vol. III.

Your very humble Servant.



## XXVI. EPISTLES IN PROSE.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

*June 18th. 1714.*

**W**HATEVER Apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has own'd himself as splenitick as a Cat in the Country. In that Circumstance, I know by experience a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing: If you are too busied in State-affairs to read it, yet

yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or turning it into a serpentine form: or if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the Country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their Friends in the country: but my encreasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you, upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their Insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even enquiring of your retreat: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting Epistle from you. My Lord *Oxford* says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit anything he affirms. At *Button's* it is reported you are gone to *Hanover*, and that *Gay* goes only on an Ambassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous State-treatise from your retirement; and a Wit who affects to imitate *Balsac*, says, that the Ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their Oracles from the Woods. The Gentlemen of the Roman-Catholick persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the Court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender, Dr. *Arbuthnot* is singular in his

opinion, and imagines your only design is' to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of *Scriblerus*. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate *Homer* by the by (\*). Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I write this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the Sun, and while men imagine you to be retir'd or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation, it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am with the truest affection

Yours &c.

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Dr. SWIFTS answer to Mr. POPE.

Dublin June 28th 1715.

**M**R Lord Bishop of Clogher gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing: I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *Desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in publick events: For, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return, you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imagine I can be easy while their

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(\*) See a Specimen of this Translation below §. XXXIII.



their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, & versus tetum meditare canoros* — Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the Eclipse, but it was that Eclipse which happened on the first of August.

I borrowed your *Homer* from the Bishop (mine is not yet landed and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaseth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: Yet I am angry at some bad Rhymes and Triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable Rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no foul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in Judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your Notes are perfectly good, and so are your Preface and Essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord *Bolingbroke* in that Preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times.

God be thanked I have yet no Parliamentary business, and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good, and therefore if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on *that* side, when there is a Parliament on *this*: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind before I can think of *Scriblerus*.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a foot-man, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is

very rare) I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine: My amusements are defending my small dominions against the Arch-Bishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious Choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. *Addison*, Mr. *Congreve*, and Mr. *Rowe*, and *Gay*. I am, and will be always extreamly Yours, &c.

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From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 26th. 1725.

I should sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder and the relicks of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counter parts of my heart. I fear I have not express'd that right; but I mean well, and I hate blots? I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord *Bolingbroke* that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord *Oxford* was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately on account of his son's birth; which I immediately acknowledged, but before my letter could reach him, I wish'd it in the sea: I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship, 'Tis hard that Parsons and Beggars should be overrun with bratts, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue. I have receiv'd his Father's picture but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the World! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an Hospital built for it's Despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endow'd.

endow'd. P..... is *fort chancellant* whether he shall turn Parson or no, But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast Wits and cast *Beaux* have a proper sanctuary in the church: Yet we think it a severe judgment, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating Ecclesiasticks, should be a domestic humble retainer to an *Irish* Prelate. He is neither Secretary nor Gentleman-Usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a Poëm sent from *London* in imitation of that on Miss *Carteret*. It is on Miss *Harvey* of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies — You might have spared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of Millenniums and tranquility! I am older by thirty years, Lord *Bolingbroke* by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we were last together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my Disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my Age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f--ty-eighth year of life (pray fill that blank charitably.) I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable Animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with..... than I was with the Kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleas'd when one of my servants shot him two days after. 'Tis I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write Maxims in opposition to *Roche-foucault*, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character

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in him; however I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations. — Take care the bad Poëts do not out-wit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provok'd to transmit their names to posterity. *Mævius* is as well known as *Virgil*, and *G....n* will be as known as you, if his name gets into your Verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning myself whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

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From Mr. POPE in Answer to the former.

Decemb. 10th. 1725.

**I** find myself the better acquainted with you for a long Absence, as men are with themselves for a long Absence: Absence does but hold off a Friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been agrandized by the distance or dulness of *Ireland*, as objects look larger thro' a *medium* of Fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the notion that all Scriblers should be past by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it were in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing his backside. So let *G....n* and.....rest in peace! What *Virgil* had to do with *Mævius*, that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in *England*. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you.



you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindicative as *Virgil*, or the aforesaid *Hibernian*.

I wish as warmly as you for an Hospital in which to lodge the Despisers of the World; only I fear it would be fill'd wholly like *Cheisea*, with maim'd Soldiers, and such as had been disabled in it's service. I would rather have those, that out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in it's face, then retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the Great, my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piss-pot, than by a Thunder-bolt. As to great Oppressors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects mischief from them; But to be squirted to death (as poor *Wicherly* said to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the under strappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries — this would provoke as dull a dog as..... himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L. . . . . thinks all this indiscreet: the Dr. not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natur'd man in *England*. Lord *Bolingbroke* is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a Divine. *Gay* is writing *Tales* for Prince *William*: (\*) I suppose Mr. . . . . will take this very ill, for two reasons, one that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other because he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that Lord *Oxford* desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worse of, will be gratified by it: none more, be assured, than  
Yours, &c.  
A. POPE.

P. S. *Pope* and You are very great Wits, and I think very indifferent Philosophers: If you despised the world

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(\*) See Pieces of them pag. 34. & 50. of this Collection.

as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, You would not be so angry with it. The founder of your Sect, *Seneca*, that noble Original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the Court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted Lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discover'd fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *Animal Rationis*, instead of the common one *Animal Rationale*, will not bear examination: define but Reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the Pontiff *Cotta*, between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a visit, and I'll subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wish'd me banish'd again: but I am not less true to you and to Philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours &c. BOLINGBROKE.

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From Dr. SWIFT.

*London May 4th. 1726.*

I had rather live in forty *Irelands* than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least Transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those fots who are carry'd dead drunk to bed. My Lord *Peterborough* spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pothook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that

that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me. — I am gathering up all my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you: This I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know no body has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart) entirely Yours &c.

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From Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

*Aug. 22d 1726.*

**M**ANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walk'd about like a man banish'd, and when I came home found it no home. 'Tis a sensation like that of a limb lopp'd off, one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: Habitude it self would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent; I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of *Ciceter*, or the pleasing prospect of *Byberry*, but your Idea must be join'd with 'em; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a Phantome of you, sitting or walking before me. I travell'd with you to *Chester*, I felt the extream heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy Coach, and wish'd a hundred times, I had either a Deanery or a Horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of my self to no purpose, and cannot catch

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you.

you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly apply'd to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lye down and sleep till we meet again, and let that Day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the state you wish him, or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should chuse to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth, with which I wish you all things, and my self you. Indeed you are ingraved elsewhere than on the Cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription) and I might throw them into the *Thames* without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too: And had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say

*Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the Deanery of *St. Patrick's*; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem Pateras*, &c. Till then I'll drink (or *Gay* shall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inscription the old *Roman* Vow for years to come VOTIS X. MVLTIS XX. My Mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu. &c.

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Another from Mr. POPE.

Sept. 3d. 1726.

**Y**OURS to Mr. *Gay* gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (tho' that gave me a great deal) for to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of  
your



your fatigues while in the way to it: Otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reach'd you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir... who exprest his desire of having seen you again, before you left us; he said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord *Peterborow* and my self, who wished you lov'd *Ireland* less, had you any reason to love *England* more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain Truth, did they know either it, or you. I can't help thinking (when I consider the whole short list of our friends) that none of 'em except you and I are qualify'd for the Mountains of *Wales*: The Dr. (*Arbuthnot*) goes to Cards, *Gay* to Court; one loses Money, one loses his time: Another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One Lady you like has too much of *France* to be fit for *Wales*; another is too much a subject to Princes and Potentates, to relish that wild Taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. *Congreve* is too sick to bear a thin air; and she that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord *Peterborow* can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord *Bathurst* is too great an husbandman, to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. *Bethel* indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet, tis fit, for it's example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in *Wales*, *Dublin*, or *Bermudas*: And for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunsbine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of your's lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a mistake, but however there's some thing in it generous. Mr. . . . takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out. — To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to my self an old sentence. "Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: Yet to me those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in." — I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are, (or on the mountains of *Wales*, or on the coast of *Dublin*,

— *Tu mihi, magni superas dum saxa Timavi,  
Sive oram Illyrici legis aquoris* — )

I am, and ever shall be Yours, &c.

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Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 17th. 1726.

**A**BOUT ten days ago a Book was published here of the Travels of one *Gulliver*, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: The whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extreamly. 'Tis generally said that you are the Author, (\*) but I am told, the Bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the Cabinet-council to the Nursery. The Politicians

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(\*) So the Dr. confesses in his Letter to Mr. Pope Sept. 29th. 1725.

to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the Satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we shall have Keys publish'd to give light into *Gulliver's* design. Lord . . . . . is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplish'd of his species. and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your friend, my Lord *Harcourt*, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of *Mariborough* is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares, that she hath now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew *Gulliver*, tho' he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injur'd by being suppos'd the Author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblig'd us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things on every subject. Among Lady-critics, some have found out that Mr *Gulliver* had a particular malice to Maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the Church, say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Not withstanding I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other Critics, they think the *flying* island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of *Gulliver's* writing at all below himself, 'tis agreed that  
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part was not writ by the same hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath pass'd Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente*; and all the whole town, men, Wömen and children are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a Book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reach'd *Ireland*; if it hath not, I Believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you. — But it will be much better to come over your self, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you. — We all rejoice that you have fixt the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckon'd, contrary to *Pliny*, in this nothern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of *February*, Styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends; the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of *Twickenham* and *Dawley*; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

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You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

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Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

June 1st. 1728.

I look upon my Lord *Bolingbroke* and us two, as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another: Only he and I are a little subject to Schemes, and one of us (I won't say which) upon very weak appearances, and



and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am fore'd to live. And I will take my oath that you have more Virtue in an hour, than I in seven years; for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclin'd always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about *high* and *low-church*, *Whig* and *Tory*, or who is first Minister — Your long letter was the last I receiv'd 'till this by Dr. *Delany*, (\*) although you mention an other since. The Dr. told me your secret about the *DUNCIAD*, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your enquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a *Lutrin* writ upon the tricks used by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converse with one creature of Station or Title, but I have a sett of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly describ'd them to you, but when you come you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure, as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. *Pope* for your sake and ease, I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own: If I were five and twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is

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(\*) Author of the Life of King *David*, inserted [above page 35.]

of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best Letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The *Dunciad* has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known *here* as in *England*, and the University-lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am griev'd to hear that my Lord *Bolingbroke's* ill health forced him to the *Bath*. Tell me, is not Temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of Ease and Liberty? so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which Philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts. *Adieu &c.*

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

*Dawley, June 28th. 1728.*

I now hold the pen for my Lord *Bolingbroke*, who is reading your letter between two Haycocks, but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleas'd with your placing him in the Triumvirate between your self and me; tho' he says that he doubts he shall fare like *Lepidus*, while one of us runs away with all the power like *Augustus*, and another with all the pleasures like *Anthony*. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the *Bath*, all peccant humours, he finds, are purg'd out of him; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much mony, as to buy a Bishoprick in *England*. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole

whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-breth, beans and bacon, and a Barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to my self to tell you, that I over-heard him yesterday agree with a Painter for 200 l. to paint his country-hall with Trophies of Rakes, Spades, Prongs &c. and other ornaments merely to countenance his calling this place a Farm. — now turn over a new leaf — He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself: There tho' his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall, and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you wou'd not live in Ireland an hour. The *Dunciad* is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proëma*, *Prolegomena*, *Testimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and *Notes Variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any way you like best, whether dry raillery, upon the stile and way of commenting of trivial Critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory, or collecting the parallel passages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vex'd with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

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Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*From my Farm Oct. 5. 1729.*

I am here; I have seen *Pope*, and one of my first enquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: You are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland. Tho' I have built in a part of the World, which

I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of your's before it is executed. Adieu my old and worthy friend; may the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which surround us, make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in. — My wife desires not to be forgotten by you; she's faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this Island at her return, which hope both she and I have been made to entertain before I went abroad.

Lord BOLINGBROKE & Mr. POPE  
to Dr. SWIFT.

March 29th. 1731.

I have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart, if it can be set a going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have payed to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make our passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: Let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative



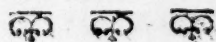
native you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says *Pope*, our Divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *Gales* of life: Let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strengely affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? *Passions* in their force, would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and Reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave *Pope* to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my Wife is obliged to you. she says she would find strength enough to nurse you if you was here, and yet God knows she is extreainly weak: The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution: we keep it off some times, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more

attached than to life itself — You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this Letter; and in every one, *Pope* shall write something much better than the scraps of old Philosophers, which were the presents, *Manuscula*, that Stoical Fop *Seneca* used to send in every Epistle to his friend *Lucilius*.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his Lady: why not I of my Mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminish'd, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which are now as necessary to her, as her's have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live *Extempore*, and look upon the world only as a place to pass thro', just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. — Yet am I just now writing, (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. — And just now too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the Courtesy of *England*. — *Sic, sic ire sub umbras*. while we do live, we must make the best of life,

*Cantantes licet usque (minus via tadat) eamus*, as the Shepherd said in *Virgil*, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours. &c.



From

From the SAME to Dr. SWIFT.

**Y**ou may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to my self. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time *Pope* has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprized to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by my self, to write a pretty large volume (\*) upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is push'd as successfully as I think it is, render all your *Metaphysical Theology* both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your Letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am perswaded that Divines and Freethinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say that you told Dr. . . . *the Grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible Revelations, &c.*

It has happened that whilst I was writing this to you, the Dr. came to make me a visit from *London*, where I heard he was arrived some time ago: He was in haste to return, and is I perceive in great haste to print. He left me eight Dissertations, a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find my self unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the

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(\*) The Dissertation on Parties.

the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirements, and exercise, your notions are true: The first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them; and who to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu: *Pope* calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see *Ireland*; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a Freeman — Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; tho' some of 'em I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry: tho' in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at *Dawley* and at home; my Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politicks as I am. Let Philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than Politicks, and not quite so vain at present as Divinity: I know nothing that moves strongly but Satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy if we *three* were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this Age. — I know you'll desire some account of health: It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politicks, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I

will



will ever preserve, to men of different sides, and I wish nothing so much as publick Quiet; except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satyrical subjects, merely on the score of Party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life that I've contributed to turn my Lord *Bolingbroke* to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr.....'s Book is what I can't commend so much as Dean *Berkley's*, (\*) tho' it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, tho' he meant it *ad populum*, is I think purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

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Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT on the Death  
of Mr. GAY.

Dec. 5th. 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears) It is now indeed a time to think of my self, when one of the nearest and longest tyes I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor *Mr. GAY*. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine a Clock; not deprived of his senses entirely at the last, and possessing them perfectly 'till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will — Good God! how often are we to die before we quite go off this stage? in every friend we lose a part of our selves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all. I shall never see you now I believe; one of your principal Calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the

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(\*) *Alciphron* or the Minute Philosopher. 2 Vol. 8vo.

most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest, but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deserve Happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr. *Arbuthnot*, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

*Dear Sir*

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. *Gay* dy'd of an inflammation, and I believe at last a mortification, of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Physicians besides my self. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect,

*Sir*

Yours &c.

ARBUTHNOT.

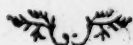
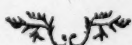
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On the same from Dr. SWIFT.

*Dublin, 1732-3.*

I received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. *Gay*, upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concern'd that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this Kingdom, and in a few

a few days past, two persons of great merit whom I loved very well, have dy'd in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support? but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than I by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a Summer. I hope he hath left you the Care of any writings he may have left, and I wish, that with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. x..x..x. x..x. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensbury, I desire you will present her my most humble service: I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a Lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often Postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a Lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who I am told is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her, you cannot lengthen her days; and I beg she may not shorten Yours.



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XXVII. Mr. LOCKE to Mr.  
MOLYNEUX.

*London July 16. 1692.*

S I R

**T**HOUGH the extraordinary Complement you were pleased to make me in the Epistle Dedicatory, easily persuaded me from whom that Present was likely to come, when at my coming to Town I found your Book left for me by Mr. T. . . . at my Bookseller's; Yet my Conscience, how little I could deserve the one or the other from you made me fear some Mistake, 'till enquiring of Mr. T. . . . himself, he assured me of the Favour you had done me. I will not pretend to return you such Thanks as I ought, 'till I can write such a Book as yours is. Only give me leave to say, that if my Trifle could possibly be an Occasion of Vanity to me, you have done most to make it so; since I could scarce forbear to applaud my self, upon such a Testimony from one who so well understands Demonstration, did I not see that those, who can be extreme rigorous and exact in the Search of Truth can be as civil and as complaisant in their Dealing with those whom they take to be Lovers of it. But this cannot keep me from being out of Countenance at the Receipt of such Obligations, without the Hopes of making such Returns as I ought. Instead of that, give me leave to do what is next to it, and let you see I am not sorry I am obliged to you. The Bearer hereof, Dr. *Si- belius*, is a Friend of mine, who comes to *Dublin* with a Design to settle there; and I beg your Assistance of him, in what lies in your Way: I shall take it as a Favour done to me. And methinks I have reason now to expect it of you, since you have done me, more than one, very great ones, when I had no reason to expect any at all. Sir you have made great Advances of Friendship towards me, and you see they are not lost upon me. I am very  
sensible



sensible of them, and would make such an Use of them as might assure you I should take it for a new Favour; if you would afford me an Occasion wherein I might, by any Service, tell you how much I am,

S I R

*Your most humble  
and most obliged Servant*  
JOHN LOCKE.

P. S. I had the Honour to know one of your Name at *Leyden* about seven or eight years since. If he be any Relation of yours, and now in *Dublin*, I beg the Favour of you to present my humble Service to him.

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From Mr. MOLYNEUX.

*Dublin Aug. 27. 1692.*

UPON the Arrival of our Lord Lieutenant in this Place (which was on the 25th Instant) I had the Favour of a Letter from you, by the Hands of Dr. *Sibelius*. I cannot easily tell you how grateful it was to me, having the highest Esteem for him that sent it, from the first Moment that I was so happy as to see any of his Writings; and therefore it was that I am so ambitious of making a Friendship with you, by presenting you one of my Trifles, which I ordered my Bookseller to lay before you under this Character, *its a mean Testimony of the great Respect I had for the Author of the Essay of Human Understanding*. And since I find by yours to me, that my Ambition is not fallen short of its Design; but that you are pleased to encourage me, by assuring me that I have made great Advances of Friendship towards you; give me leave to embrace the Favour with all Joy imaginable. And that you may judge of my Sincerity by my open Heart, I will plainly confess to you, that I have not in all my Life read any Book with more Satisfaction than your *Essay*; (\*) insomuch that a repeated Perusal of it is still more pleasant to me.

And

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(\*) See a Specimen of it in Section I, of this Book.

And I have endeavoured, with great success, to recommend it to the Consideration of the Ingenious in this Place. Dr. King, Bishop of Derry, when he read it, made some slight Remarks on the foremost Parts of the Book; but his Business would not permit him to go through it all. What he did, rough as it was, he gave to me; and they are at your Commands when you Please. — One Thing I must insist on to you, which is, that you would think of obliging the World with a *Treatise of Morals*, drawn up according to the Hints you frequently give in your *Essay*, of their being demonstrable according to the mathematical Method. This is most certainly true. But the Task must be undertaken only by so clear and distinct a Thinker as you are. This were an Attempt worthy your Consideration: And there is nothing I should more ardently wish for, than to see it. And therefore, good Sir, let me beg of you to turn your Thoughts this Way, and if so young a Friendship as mine have any Force, let me prevail upon you.

Upon my reading your *Essay*, I was so taken with it, that when I was in London, in August 1690., I made enquiry amongst some of my learned Friends for any other of your Writings, if perhaps they knew any. I was recommended by some to *Two Discourses concerning Government*, and a little *Treatise concerning Toleration*. There is neither of them carries your Name; and I will not venture to ask whether they are yours or not; This only, I think no Name need be ashamed of either.

Dr. Sibelius, I find, is your Friend, and therefore I assure him of all Service I can possibly do him. I will make it my Business to get him Acquaintance in this Place; and I dare promise him some of the best.

The inclosed from my Brother, will tell you that he was your Acquaintance in Leyden. I myself have been there, Anno 1685. but had not the good Fortune of being known to you. But from this Time I shall reckon myself

self happy in your Friendship, and shall ever subscribe  
my self

*Your most Affectionate*

*and most obliged humble Servant*

WILL. MOLYNEUX.

Dublin Dec. 18. 1694.

S I R

Yours of November 23, found me labouring under a  
sharp Feaver, which has held me this Month past;  
but I am now, God be thank'd pretty well recover'd. I  
am oblig'd to you for the earnest Desire you express of  
seeing me in *England*. But, as to that Particular, the  
Truth is thus: Last Summer I designed to make a Journey,  
on purpose to pay my Respects to you, and for no other  
Errand, but my Resolutions were not so fix'd, as to  
give you any Intimations thereof; for indeed the State  
of my Health was so very uncertain, that I was very mis-  
trifull whether I should be able to undertake the Journey.  
However, I thought to make an Essay of my Strength in  
our own Country; so that some Business calling me above  
threescore Miles from this City, the Fatigue was so trou-  
blesome to me, that I was quite discouraged from think-  
ing of *England* that Season. I have now had another  
Pull-back, by my present Sickness, so that I cannot yet  
tell how to think of the other Side of the Water. This  
only I will assure you, that the first entire Health God is  
pleased to bestow on me, shall be employed in a Journey  
towards you; there being nothing I so earnestly covet,  
as the personal Acquaintance of one for whom I have so  
great a Respect and Veneration, and to whom I am so  
highly obliged for many Favours. \*\* I am,

Worthy S I R

*Your most affectionate,*

*humble Servant,*

WILL. MOLYNEUX.

Lon-

London, 9 July 1698.

Dear S I R

I am' just come to London, where your former Promise, and what Mr. Churchill since tells me, makes me hope to see you speedily. I long mightily to welcome you hither, and do remit, to that happy Time, abundance that I have to say to you. For I am

Dear S I R

Your most affectionate  
humble Servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

XXVIII. MISCELLANY  
EPISTLES.

Exhortatory, to the Earl of S.....

My Lord

IT was a great satisfaction to me to be any ways instrumental in the gaining your Lordship to our religion; but I am, and always was more concerned, that your Lordship would continue a virtuous and good man, than become a Protestant; being assured, that the ignorance and errors of men's understandings will find a much easier forgiveness with God, than the fault of the Will. I remember that your Lordship once told me, that you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your *change* by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life. I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act, than by being a worse man, after your profession to have embraced a better religion. I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your Lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be one of the first that should hear it. — To speak plainly, I have been told, that your Lordship is of late fallen into a conversation, dangerous both to your reputation



tation and virtue. — Therefore, I earnestly beseech your Lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of Almighty God, and the hazzard of your soul, whenever you engage in a bad course, what blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation: what uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience, and how great a violence you will offer to your good principles, your nature, your education, and to a mind the best made for virtuous and worthy things. And do you imagine you can stop when you please? Experience shews the contrary; and that nothing is more vain than for men to think they can set bounds to themselves in any thing that is bad. I hope in God, no temptation has yet prevailed on your Lordship so far as to be guilty of any loose act. If it has, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to an habit. The retreat is yet easy and open — and God is not only ready to forgive us, upon our repentance and resolution of amendment, but to assist us, by his grace, to do better for the future. — Determine rather upon a speedy *change of your condition*, than to gratify the inclinations of your youth in any thing but what is lawful and honourable. — I pray to God every day for your Lordship, with the same constancy and fervour as for myself; and do now most earnestly beg, that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual.

*I am &c.*

JOHN TILLOTSON.

*Sir,*

LOOKING over your monthly papers (the *Gentle-man's Magazine*) the other day, I could not forbear observing, that one of your correspondents is for mending the *lord's prayer*, another for a new sett of articles of religion, and a third not reconcil'd to an article of faith, *the descent into hell*; this last I refer to Bp *Bilson's* discourse upon that Article, and his defence of it; enough to

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set

set! any man right, who is not determined to be wrong.

I was bred up under one of the greatest casuists of his time, in either of the universities; who always told us, that it was highly reasonable that private opinion should confine it self to private breasts, and not be permitted to walk abroad to affront authority and the publick peace; but to publish private opinion for publick and necessary truth, and to endeavour to impose it upon others, and upon authority it self, is a practice of the most pernicious usurpation and consequence; by which all religion must stagger and totter with continual changes, uncertainties and alterations, and at last fall to ruin and confusion: which great truth forc'd even *Calvin* himself to drop that Oracle in the 31 Sect. Inst. lib. 4 p. 1c. (\*)

'Tis a very just observation which the late Bp. of *Oxford* made, that when men once take the liberty of departing from their rule, no one knows whither they may go at last; and there are hardly any things so absurd, which the weakest judgment, or warmest imagination can advance, but some people will be found, who being led either by the novelty of the notions, or admiration of the persons of the authors, or by some other motive, easily fall into them.

Yours &c.

Louth, Lincolnshire,  
Feb. 6, 1751.

ANTHONY BUCKLES.

Sir

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(\*) *Calvin's Words* a e *Quantarum rixarum semen futura sit earum rerum confusio, si prout cuique libitum sit mutare liceat quæ ad communem statum (Christianæ religionis) pertinent! Quando nunquam futurum est ut omnibus idem placeat, si res velut in medio posita (things indifferent) singulorum arbitrio relictæ fuerint. Si penes singulos jus & arbitrium erit judicandi, nihil nunquam certi, constitui poterit, quin potius tota vacillabit religio.*

S I R,

I am afraid my last has not reach'd your hand not having seen a Line from you of a newer Date. I am very desirous to enter into a literary Correspondence with you, and for a beginning beg you will let me know, if any of the English Poëts have written in the *Eligiac*, or amorous Style, any thing comparable to the two Fragment's of *Sappho* the Grecian Poëtress, which Mr *Philips* has inimitably translated, and which I beg you will give a place in your Essay, not having any Copy of them. I flatter my self, that many will be obliged thereby as well as me, and they will not take you up many Pages. — A Friend of mine desires you will give him a Description of the English Cavalcade called a *Riding*, and a Specimen of the Duke of *Dorset's* poetry, so much commended by all our Authors. — I was in company where Monsieur *le Moyne's* Description of the *Night* was cry'd up as the best Performance of the kind extant, I will send it you that I may know your thoughts on it.

*Cependant le soleil se couche dans son lit,  
Que luy mesme de pourpre & de laque embellit:  
Et la nuit qui survient aussi triste que sombre,  
De toute les couleurs ne fuit que une grand' ombre;  
Aveque le sommeil le silence la suit,  
L'un amy du repos, l'autre ennemy du bruit:  
Et quoique sous leur pas la tempeste se taise,  
Quoique le vent s'endorme & que l'onde s'apaise.*

If you favour me in this, I shall make bold to trouble you oftner, and if you will put it in my Power to serve you in any thing, I shall be yet more obliged to you, because I esteem, your Friendship, and assure you that I am &c.

C.

In Answer to the preceeding.

Dear S I R

I received your kind letter of the 8th instant Yesterday in company of a former, which you therein mention.

M 2

I accept

I accept your Offer with joy, and shall endeavour to give you the most satisfactory answers to your *Queries*. — I believe I shall make appear that we have English Poëms of like spirit and matter to those of *Sappho*, by communicating to you the two following, which are also written by Ladies as ethnic and as *amorous* as that famous *Grecian*. — The first is a Description of Enjoyment by Mrs. *Behn*, speaking of two Lovers,

*I saw 'em kindle to Desire  
While with soft Sighs they blew the Fire;  
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,  
He growing more fierce, and she less coy:  
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,  
Exchanging Love a thousand Ways:  
Kind was the Force on either Side, }  
Her new Desire she could not hide; }  
Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd. }  
The blessed Minute he pursu'd,  
'Till she was with like Thoughts endu'd,  
'Till she, transported in his Arms,  
Yields to the Conq'rour all her Charms:  
His panting Breast to her's now join'd,  
They feast on Raptures unconfin'd:  
Vast and luxuriant; such to prove  
Th' Immortality of Love!  
\*For who but a Divinity  
Could mingle Souls to that Degree; }  
And melt them into Extasy! }  
Now, like the Phoenix, both expire, }  
While, from the Ashes of their Fire, }  
Sprung up a new and soft Desire  
Like Charmers thrice they did invoke  
The God, and thrice new Vigour took.*

The other is an Imitation of the Ode to *Venus*, by a Lady of our own times:

*Goddeß of the gods above,  
Queen of beauty, queen of love,*



Venus, ever young and fair,  
 Lovely Venus! hear my pray'r!  
 If Adonis, charming boy,  
 Ever touch'd thy breast with joy,  
 Give me pow'r to rule the bold,  
 Teach me art to warm the cold.  
 Form'd with every pow'r to please,  
 Faultless shape, and graceful ease,  
 Blooming cheek, and laughing eye,  
 Where the loves in ambush lie:  
 Like Adonis, Damon charms,  
 Give him goddess to my arms!  
 Give to sigh that careless breast,  
 In those eyes be love express'd!  
 All thy languors; all thy fire,  
 All thy pleasing pains inspire!  
 Thee, bright queen, let Petworth own!  
 Petworth's groves to thee are known, ———  
 Make my fav'rite youth thy care,  
 Lovely Venus! hear my pray'r.

ROSALIND.

Of these Ladies may be said, what is observed by Mr. Addison, in the 223d Spectator, "that they fill their Writing with such bewitching Tenderness, and Rapture, "that it is dangerous giving them the Reading." — I am willing to insert Mr. Philip's Translations of Sappho, in my XXXIId Section. The rustic Cavalcade which your Friend would have a description of called a *Riding*, is now almost every where disused, but can never be forgotten so long as these beautiful lines remain in *Hudibras*, which please to present him with, in answer to that *Quere*.

First he that led the Cavalcade,  
 Wore a Sow-Gelder's Flagellet,  
 On which he blew as strong a Levett,  
 As well-fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate,

When over, one another's Heads  
 They charge, three Ranks at once, like Swedes,  
 Next, Pans and Kettles of all Keys,  
 From Trebles down to double Base:  
 And after them, upon a Nag  
 That might pass for a fore-hand Stag,  
 A Cornet rode, and on a Staff  
 A Smock display'd did proudly wave,  
 Then Bagpipes of the loudest Drones,  
 With snuffling broken-winded Tones,  
 Whose Beasts of Air in Pockets shut,  
 Look filthier than that from the Gut;  
 And make a viler Noise than Swine,  
 In windy Weather when they whine.  
 Next, one upon a Pair of Panniers  
 Full fraught with that which for good Manners  
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with Grains,  
 Which he dispens'd among the Swains:  
 Then mounted on a horned Horse;  
 One bore a Gauntlet and gilt Spurs,  
 Ty'd to the Pomel of a long Sword,  
 He held revers'd, the Point turn'd downward.  
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed  
 The Cong'rour's Standard-bearer rid,  
 And bore aloft before the Champion  
 A Petticoat display'd and rampant.  
 Next whom, the Amazon triumphant  
 Bestrid her Beast, and on the rump on't  
 Sate Face to Tail, and Bum to Bum,  
 The Warrior whilom overcome;  
 Arm'd with a Spindle and a Distaff,  
 Which as he rode she made him twist off;  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder  
 Chastis'd the Reformato Soldier.  
 Before the Dame, and round about,  
 March'd Whifflers and Staffiers on Foot,

*With Lacqueys, Grooms, Valets and Pages,  
In fit and proper Equipages;  
Of whom some Torches bore, some Links,  
Before the proud Virago Minks,  
That was both Madam and a Don,  
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan:  
And at fit Periods the whole Rout  
Set up their Throats with clam'rous Shout.*

Thus you have it described; but, before we proceed to any other matter, pray take with you *Hudibras's* wise reflection upon it.

*But Hudibras, who us'd to ponder  
On such Sights with judicious Wonder,  
Could hold no longer to impart  
His Animadversions, from his Heart:  
Quoth he, in all my Life 'till now  
I ne'er saw so profane a Show:  
It is some paganish Invention,  
Which Heathen Writers often mention;  
And he who made it had read Godwin,  
I warrant him, and understood him:  
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,  
That best describe those ancient Shows.*

But to return to your Letter; under Correction, I think Monsieur le Moyne's Description of the Night nothing comparable to either this of Mr. Dryden, in his *Conquest of Mexico*:

*All things are bus'h'd, as Nature's self lay dead;  
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsy Head;  
The little Birds, in Dreams, their Songs repeat,  
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat;  
Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep. ———*

Of the following, written by his grace the Duke of Dorset,

*'Twas still low ebb of Night, when not a Star  
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere;*

*But*

But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd ;  
As if old Chaös were again return'd ;  
When not one Gleam of the eternal Light  
Shot thro' the solid Darkness of the Night :  
In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep ,  
And all the Winds were bury'd in the Deep :  
No whispering Zephyrus aloft did blow ,  
No warring Boughs were murmuring below :  
No falling Waters dash'd , no Rivers purl'd ,  
But all conspir'd to hush the drowsy World .

If in this I am mistaken, Mr. Rymer is the same, who long before conferred the two former, and declares thus in favour of Mr. Dryden's. "I find in this Description, "four Lines yield greater variety of Matter, and more "choice Thoughts than twice the Number in any other "Language. Here is something more *fortunate* than the "boldest Fancy has yet reached, and something more "just, than the severest Reason has observed," &c but, by the by, having given you a specimen of that great Man the Duke of Dorset's poetry, according to your request, I hope to gain your pardon. — I am &c. B.

Dear Friend,

Y OUR last, in answer to my several Queries, was so agreeable that I beg you will please to favour me with another, in which insert the famous Soliloquy on *Being*, somewhere in *Shakespear's Hamlet*. If it suits your Convenience, pray add a few of the best lines in the *Dispensary*, and your opinion on the word *Toast*, so frequently by us applied to a fair Lady. — This is all I will trouble you with at present, being afraid I shall trespass too far against your goodness, and therefore subscribe myself, Sir, &c. C.

In Answer to the former.

Sir

I am very glad you are satisfied with my answers to your Queries, and on that Consideration am ever ready to serve



serve you in the like. The Speech of *Hamlet* on Being is extant in the Beginning of the third Act, and runs thus:

‘To be, or not to be, that is the Question;  
 ‘Whether ’tis nobler in the Mind to suffer  
 ‘The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,  
 ‘Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,  
 ‘And by opposing end them: To die, to sleep  
 ‘No more; and by a Sleep to say we end  
 ‘The Head-ach, and the thousand nat’ral Shocks  
 ‘That Flesh is Heir to; ’tis a Consummation  
 ‘Devoutly to be wish’d, to die, to sleep; —  
 ‘To sleep, perchance to dream; ay there’s the Rub;  
 ‘For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,  
 ‘When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,  
 ‘Must give us Pause; there’s the Respect  
 ‘That makes Calamity of so long a Life:  
 ‘For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,  
 ‘Th’ Oppressor’s Wrong, the proud Man’s Contumely,  
 ‘The Pangs of despis’d Love, the Law’s Delay,  
 ‘The Insolence of Office, and the Spurs  
 ‘That patient Merit of th’ Unworthy takes,  
 ‘When as himself might his *Quietus* make  
 ‘With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardels bear,  
 ‘To groan and sweat under a weary Life?  
 ‘But that the Dread of something after Death,  
 ‘The undiscover’d Country, from whose Bourn  
 ‘No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,  
 ‘And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,  
 ‘Than fly to others that we know not of,  
 ‘Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,  
 ‘And thus the healthful Face of Resolution  
 ‘Is sickly’d o’er with the pale Cast of Thought,  
 ‘And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,  
 ‘With this Regard their Currents turn away,  
 ‘And lose the Name of Action. —

These are looked upon as some of the best Lines our great SHAKESPEAR ever penned, and are also inserted as such in the *Spectator*, Vol. VIII. The *Dispensary* is

so much of a Piece, and so well wrote, that I am quite at a Loss which Part of it to send you; yet among the shorter Stanzas none excel the following Description of Honour in the 3d. Canto,

*But e'er we once engage in Honour's Cause,  
First know what Honour is, & whence it was.*  
 'Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave,  
 'The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.  
 'Born in the noisy Camp, it lives on Air;  
 'And both exists by Hope and by Despair.  
 'Angry when e'er a Moment's Ease we gain,  
 'And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.  
 'It lives, when in Death's Arms the Hero lies,  
 'But when his safety he consults, it dies.  
 'Bigotted to this Idol, we disclaim  
 'Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name.

Most beautiful are the Characters of Mankind, the God of Sloth, Disease, &c. the Descriptions of the Fortunate Islands, the Descent into the Earth, and in a Word the whole Six *Cantos*, of which the celebrated GARTH has compos'd it; but, instead of inserting them here, I will lend you the Book it self, to copy out these or any others you have a mind to.

To know the right Meaning of the word *Toast* I must refer you to Mr. *Steel*, who in his 24th. *Tatler* says 'it is  
 'agreed by all to have a joyous and chearful Import, A  
 'Toast in a cold Morning, heightened by Nutmeg, and  
 'sweetened with Sugar, has for many Ages been given to  
 'our Rural Dispensers of Justice, before they enter'd up-  
 'on Causes, and has been of great and politic Use to take  
 'off the Severity of their Sentences; but has indeed been  
 'remarkable for one ill Effect, That it inclines those who  
 'use it immoderately, to speak *Latin*, to the Admiracion,  
 'rather than Information, of an Audience. This Appli-  
 'cation of a Toast makes it very obvious that the Word  
 'may, without a Metaphor, be understood as an apt  
 'Name for a Thing which raises us in the most sovereign  
 Degree,

'Degree. But many of the Wits of the last Age will as-  
 'sert, That the Word, in its present Sense, was known  
 'among them in their Youth, and had its Rise from an  
 'Accident at the Town of *Bath*, in the Reign of King  
 'Charles the Second. It happened, that on a Public Day a  
 'celebrated Beauty of those Times was in the *Cross-Bath*,  
 'and one of the Crowd of her Admirers took a Glass of the  
 'Water in which the Fair One stood, and drank her Health  
 'to the Company. There was in the Place a Gay Fellow,  
 'half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, Tho'  
 'he liked not the Liquor, he would have the *Toast*. He  
 'was opposed in his Resolution; yet this Whim gave Founda-  
 'tion to the present Honour which is done to the Lady we  
 'mention in our Liquors, who has ever since been called a  
 'TOAST. Tho' this Institution had so trivial a Begin-  
 'ning, it is now elevated into a formal Order; and that  
 'happy Virgin who is received and drunk to at their Mee-  
 'tings, has no more to do in this Life, but to judge and  
 'accept of the first good Offer. The Manner of her Inau-  
 'guration is much like that of the Choice of a Doge of  
 '*Venice*; It is performed by Balloting; and when she is  
 'so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing Year;  
 'but must be elected anew to prolong her Empire a Mo-  
 'ment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her  
 'Name is written with a Diamond on a Drinking-Glass.  
 'The Hieroglyphic of the Diamond is to show, that her  
 'Value is imaginary; and that of the Glass to acquaint her,  
 'that her Condition is frail, and depends on the Hand  
 'which holds her. This wise Design admonishes her, nei-  
 'ther to over-rate or depreciate her Charms; as well con-  
 'sidering and applying, that it is perfectly according to  
 'the Humour and Taste of the Company, whether the  
 'Toast is eaten, or left as an Offal. I am, Sir, &c.

*Sir,*

THE following is a Specimen of the celebrated *Oeconomy*  
 of human Life lately published in two Volumes Octavo.

N 2

Bow

1.) Bow down your heads unto the dust, O ye inhabitants of earth! be silent, and receive, with reverence, instruction from on high. 2.) Wheresoever the sun doth shine, wheresoever the Wind doth blow, wheresoever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive; there let the maxims of truth be honoured and obeyed. 3.) All things proceed from God; his power is unbounded, his Wisdom is from eternity, and his goodness endureth for ever. 4.) He sitteth on his throne in the center, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world. 5.) He toucheth the stars with his finger, and they run their course rejoicing. 6.) On the wings of the Wind he walketh abroad and performeth his will thro' all the regions of unlimited space. 7.) Order, and grace, and beauty, spring from his hand. 8.) The voice of Wisdom speaketh in all his Works, but the human understanding comprehendeth it not. 9.) The shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of man as a dream; he seeth as in the dark; he reasoneth, and is deceived. 10.) But the Wisdom of God is as a light of heaven; he reasoneth not; his mind is the fountain of truth. 11.) Justice and mercy wait before his throne; benevolence and love enlighten his countenance for ever. 12.) Who is like unto the lord in glory? Who in power shall contend with the Almighty? Hath he any equal in Wisdom? Can any in goodness be compared unto him? 13.) He it is, O man, who hath created thee; thy station on earth is fixed by his appointment; the powers of thy mind are the gift of his goodness, the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand. 14.) Hear then his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth shall establish his soul in peace.

It is supposed to be written by the Earl of *Chesterfield*, and shows how naturally our Language flows in an Oriental Style, I am, on all Occasions, Sir, &c.

Dear *Charles*,

I went last Night to a Friend's hard by, to smoke a Pipe and pass an Hour with him, where we came to talk



of you, and he show'd me that Piece of yours, wrote on the Style, Claim and Wrong done to our Tongue, and bid me read it. I found it writ like a Dream, and penn'd with great Skill, so that I must own I like it, tho' at the same time it vex'd me, to find you ne'er once nam'd me in it, or call'd me to your Aid, tho' set on all Sides by Foes, which with all your Might and Main you could scarce drive out of the Field. I know not what to think of this. — Did not you know the Use I might have been of to you? or, did you slight me, who am your old stanch Friend, or was it done with a View to hurt me? tell me, for you have left me to my Choice, and you could not think it hard if I chose the worst. But as I know full well you did not mean me nor mine the least Wrong, you shall see I can be just and kind, as well as strict, so of this no more.

Now if you will give what I here write a Place in your new Book, I shall think you love me, and it will serve your Turn as well as mine. viz. to gain to our Tongue one of the best Seats in the Court of Fame, and that is what you aim at.

You know that most of the Tongues, spoke now a days, claim to be the best, but why pray? our's can do it with more show of Truth, tho' they have spoke so mean of it. For if that Tongue is best, which is rich, short, full of Force, and old, the three first Heads, as you have shown, are to be found in *English*, and, I think, I will find the fourth; for as one of the best Proofs that a Tongue is old, is those Words call'd Roots, or *Voces primitiva* (\*), I will search what Stock we may have of such, and to that end will try how the first Staff of the *Æneid* will look in such a Dress.

N 3

Arms

(\*) Certum quippe est, linguas omnes quæ *Monosyllabis* constant esse cæteris Antiquiores. Multis abundavit *Monosyllabis* Antiqua Græca, cujus vestigia, apud Poetas qui Antiquitatem affectarunt, remansere non pauca.

Arms and the Man I sing, who first did flee,  
 Drove by his Fate, from *Troy* to *Italy*,  
 Near *Tyrrhan* Shores: By Land and Sea much tost  
 By Force of Gods, and Wrath of *Juno* crost.  
 Much Wars and Blood-Shed has he whilst he builds  
 A Town, and brings his Gods to *Latium's* Fields:  
 Whence come the *Latin* Line, and *Alban* Sires,  
 And where *Rome* stands, with her high Walls & Spires.

I think it will do, nay I fear it will be a hard Nut in  
 their Teeth, that will find the like out of English; but  
 let that pass!

Next we will try how Grand the Words of *Moses* will  
 found when thus penn'd: *And God said, Let there be Light*  
*and there was Light. And God view'd the Light, and saw*  
*it was good!* What can be more Grand, or seem more Old?

Then there is both *Prose* and *Verse* for them in this  
 writ by my Friend *Dyche*. All Things are known to  
 God, and tho' his Throne of State be far on high, yet  
 doth his Eye look down to us in this low World, and  
 see all the Ways of the Sons of Man. — If we go out  
 he marks our Steps: And when we go in, no Door can  
 shut him from us. While we are by our-selves, he  
 knows all our vain Thoughts, and the Ends we aim at:  
 And whom we talk to Friend or Foe, he knows, and  
 views the Good or Harm we do them, or to our-selves.  
 When we pray, he notes our Zeal. All the Day long  
 he minds how we spend our Time, and, no dark Night can  
 hide our Works from him. If we play the Cheat, he  
 marks the Fraud, and hears the least Word of a false  
 Tongue. — He sees, if our Hearts are hard to the Poor,  
 or if by Alms we help their Wants: If in our Breasts we  
 pine at the Rich, or if we are well pleas'd with our  
 own State. He knows all that we do; and be we where  
 we will, he is sure to be with us. — Let us then set  
 our selves as in God's Sight, and look what there is in  
 us, that he hates; and when Sin tempts us, let us stay  
 from the Act, till we can find a Place, where his Eyes  
 will not see us. — Bless'd are they, O Lord, who live  
 on

on Earth as in thy Sight, and have Thee in all their Thoughts: For with Thee is the Well of Life, and in thy Light shall we see Light.

The Lord, who made the Ear of Man,  
Must needs hear all of right;  
He made the Eye, all Things must then  
Be plain in his clear Sight.

The Lord doth know the Thoughts of Man,  
His Heart he sees most plain:  
The Lord on high Man's Thoughts doth scan,  
And sees they are but vain.

But oh! that Man is safe and sure,  
Whom thou dost keep in Aw;  
And that his Life may be most pure,  
Dost guide him in thy Law:

For he shall live in Peace and Rest,  
He fears not at his Death;  
Love fills his Heart, and Hope his Breast;  
With Joy he yields his Breath.

We find too best part of a Scene in *Cato* of the like Kind of Words, tho' the Bard had no such Aim, when he writ it, it stands in the fifth Act of that fine Play:

*Portius.* ————— O Sight of Woe!  
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!  
*Cato* is fall'n up - on his Sword —

*Lucia.* ————— O *Portius*!  
Hide all the *Horrors* of the *mournful* Tale  
And let us guess the rest.

*Portius.* ————— I've rais'd him up,  
And plac'd him in his Chair, where pale, and faint,  
He gasps for Breath, and as his Life flows from him,  
*Demands* to see his Friends.

N.B. The Lines with the Words *Horrors*, *mournful* and *demands* may be chang'd for Words of our Class thus:  
Keep from our Ears the Sum of this sad Tale. —  
Calls out to see his Friends. —

Thus

Thus it is plain we are in no Want of Proofs to make our Tongue look Old or Grand, and if we did not grant it to have sprung from the Old *Teutonic*, or Form of Speech us'd long since by all the States of the North; pray how would they force us to do it? I am sure not by Proofs of like Stress and Weight with those I have shewn them. So let them not hence - forth dare to run down our Tongue, or call it the Dregs of their's, lest We put them to prove it; as then, to their great Loss, they will be forc'd to make their Peace with us, and own our's is the Stock or Trunk, and their's,\* they Boast so much of, at best but Arms, Boughs, Twigs or Leaves of that good old Tree.

Thus much on the Part of our Tongue, now I have a few Words to say in the Name of my Friends, I mean the Words of my Class, and then to end,

We have heard and read how some of our Bards strive to get us turn'd out of the Tongue, at least out of what they style good Verse. The Truth of this may be seen in a Speech join'd by one of them to his *Juvenal*. Now we want to know some good Cause, why they do this. If they can show us one, we will kiss the Rod, and take up with the Loss; but if not, we think they might know they don't do well to root out a whole Set of good Words, 'cause here and there one has not Skill to use them. And, when all's done, they must own *Dryden* chang'd his Mind when he wrote these, and Scores such like Lines in his Plays:

*Cydaria*. Where is that *other* World from whence you came?

*Cortez*. Beyond the Ocean far from hence it lies.

*Cyd*. Your *other* World, I fear, is then the same.

That Souls must go to when the *Body* dies

But what's the Cause that keeps you here with me?

That I may know what keeps me here with you?

*Cort*. Mine is a Love which must perpetual be,

If you can be so just as I am true.



or else, if they are none of his, they ought to be struck out of his Works, and not stand there to spoil his Verse. In Hopes you won't fail to print this, I will write my self once more, Dear Charles,

Your old true Friend

Copenhagen December 18. 1751.

MONOSYLLABLE.

Sir

READING your XXVth Section, I was surprized not to find my Lord Rochester's Satyr on Man, which is esteemed a very good Piece, if not the best of his Lordship's Performances. This Consideration made me conclude you had it not by you, and to supply that Defect have inserted it here. If I have done amiss I am heartily sorry, and beg your Pardon, but if well I shall rejoice, being, Sir, &c.

Were I (who, to my Cost, already am,  
One of those strange prodigious Creatures, Man  
A Spirit free to chuse for my own Share  
What case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear;  
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear;  
Or any Thing but that vain Animal,  
Who is so proud of being rational.  
The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive  
A sixth to contradict the other five:  
And before certain Instinct will prefer  
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.  
Reason, an *Ignis Fatuus* in the Mind,  
Which, leaving Light of Nature, Sense, behind,  
Pathless, and dang'rous wand'ring Ways it takes,  
Thro' Error's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes;  
While the misguided Follow'r climbs, with Pain,  
Mountains of Whimsies heap'd in his own Brain;

Stunt-

Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down  
 Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where, like to drown,  
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try  
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,  
 In hopes still to o'ertake th' escaping Light;  
 Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.  
 Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,  
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:  
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch;  
 And made him venture to be made a Wretch:  
 His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,  
 Aiming to know what World he should enjoy:  
 And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence  
 Of pleasing others at his own Expence:  
 For Wits are treated just like common Whores,  
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors:  
 Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,  
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Those Creatures are the wisest who attain,  
 By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim;  
 If therefore *Jowler* finds and kills his Hare  
 Better than *Meers* supplies Committee-Chair,  
 Tho' one's a Statesman, th'other but a Hound,  
*Jowler*, in Justice, would be wiser found.

Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other Prey,  
 But savage Man alone does Man betray:  
 Press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food;  
 Man undoes Man to do himself no Good.  
 With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt  
 Nature's Allowance to supply their Want:  
 But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendship, Praise,  
 Unhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays;  
 With voluntary Pains works his Distress,  
 Not thro' Necessity, but Wantonness.  
 For Hunger or for Love they fight and tear,  
 While wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear:



## For

**I**f you have a mind to enter into an Amity with me, such a one as may prove easy, commodious, always attended with Pleasure, and without Pain, I consent to it; but, my Lord, if your Pretences reach further, withdraw your Troops, and look out for a Heart more easy to be conquer'd than mine.

CURE your self of your Passion for *Emilia*; she is indeed lovely, but unfaithful, and you were not made to be imposed upon. If you will throw off her Fetters, and are inclined to embrace others, a certain young Lady, no less deserving than her self, makes you a tender

of her's, and Love will show you the secret of making them not very heavy.

❖❖❖ III. ❖❖❖

**W**HAT, Madam, would you ask me whether I was in love? Was it because I should tell you, that it was not with you? I can't tell whether you think any body in the World more worthy of being belov'd, but I am confident I know none; and am sensible, that in having given my Heart to you before all the rest I ever saw, I have done you no more than Justice. My Destiny is now in your power, you may prove either kind or cruel to the utmost of your desire, but mine shall always continue with the same fervency to please you.

❖❖❖ IV. ❖❖❖

**I** am not so far prepossess'd with my own Merits, as to imagine that you could love nothing but me. When I enquired after the Secret of your Heart, I expected no farther share in it than that of a Confident. However, I will not disown but that I have too high an esteem for you to look upon your Declaration with an indifferent eye: If your desire of pleasing me is unfeigned, I promise you, upon my Word, I will put it to a good account.

❖❖❖ V. ❖❖❖

**I**f either your Pleasures or your Business, in which you are always concern'd, leave you some few Moments to dispense in Favour of me, I should be very glad to entertain you. How great soever my Aversion may be to new Acquaintance, your's and my Friend's, have done you such good Offices with me, that you ought to thank them for it; and tho' I make very extraordinary steps for a Woman, that always pretended to Regularity, I am satisfy'd, my Lord, I shall have no reason to repent.



VI.

I can scarce express to you, the Pain I have endur'd all this day; I expected to have seen you; my Eyes did search for you in every Corner, but could not meet with you; Can you love me after so easy a way?

VII.

You are not much out of humour, Madam, for not having seen me to day, because you shew your goodness even when you suppose me to have given you sufficient reason of wishing me ill. Truly, your Reproaches are so obliging, that let my loss be never so great in passing a day without you, I can't repent of it; and I will frankly own to you, that I taste much more pleasure in reading by my self your Billet, than to see you surrounded with a crowd of People, who are questionless my Rivals, and perhaps prefer'd by you before me. Alas! was my Heart at as much ease as you charge it with, I should not feel these insensible motions of Jealousie. Don't refuse me an opportunity of a few Minutes, where I may declare that I adore you.

VIII.

I am not asham'd to own, that you please me exceedingly, that I take a pleasure in seeing you, and that I can't reflect upon the necessity of your absence without Pain; yet I should never forgive my self if I should give you an opportunity of seeing me in private. Did I esteem you less, you would appear less dangerous to me. Rest satisfy'd with what I tell you, and never look for an opportunity of seeing me in private.

IX.

You were so very sleepy when you went away from me last Night, that I could not but be vex'd at it all Night;

Night; certainly I am not very amiable, because you could sleep at that rate so near me. I remember'd also, that I had entertain'd you with very obliging Expressions, which you did not so much as take notice of; and am convinced that your drowzy Humour render'd you unworthy of knowing them: My Sister prescribes the use of *Thea* and *Coffee* to you: whenever you intend to see her; she says it is much better than *Opium* and *Poppys*. If you don't follow her Advice, may you sleep near your Mistress at the first Critical Minute.

X.

I won't ask you, my Lord, what made you take my Picture at the Dutches's of *Richmond*; if you intend it for an Ornament of your Closet, you need not want others much more handsome, and better done. But if you look upon it as a Piece, in the Possession whereof you take Delight, you are not very nice in putting a Value upon what you did not receive from my Hands; and which I can't suffer to be in your's, without a most sensible Displeasure. Take my word for it, I would have you begin, with the restoring it to me, and if you deserve it hereafter, I will not refuse it to you.

XI.

I did believe, the Scarf I sent you yesterday, could not challenge a more solid merit at your Hands, than its being a piece of my own handy Work; nay, I may tell you, that my Heart had a great share in it; 'tis this Heart, I say, which made me fancy to embellish it with Cyphers, and to surround them with all the amorous Accoutrements of the God of Love. I remembred upon this Occasion, with what Pleasure I received the Wound he gave us at one stroak; I was ambitious to discover to you my Satisfaction, by the Nofegays of Roses, ty'd up by the double Thread of Love. But must I tell you further,

ther, what came into my Mind? It was, that Roses never grow without Prickles, and that, if one time or other, you should prove inconstant, you would make me feel such Pains, as would prove mortal.

XII.

**H**ow malicious is this Lady with blew Eyes and black Hair? How well did I interpret her Looks? O how I dread her? If you can't hate her, you certainly are going to cease to love me. I guess'd at your Sighs; they were not intended for me; you offer your Incense upon an Altar, whereof the Smoak only comes to me. But don't accustom your self to these Practices, for you will not find me so very easy, but rather mutinous and quick fighted; nay, I may perhaps prove the Disturber of your Pleasures.

XIII.

**A** Thousand secret Thoughts have too too much foreboded you Inconstancy, or at least, that nice Relish, which is the constant Attendant of an excessive Passion, and which did convince me, that your Deportment towards me, was not such as it ought to be; But I endeavour'd to deceive my self; and the Constraint you put upon your self to dissemble your Thoughts, did easily perswade me to it. Alas! I loved to be deceived; what must I have done, if you had always given me Occasion of loving you, if you would have deserved it, or to say better, if you had always wish'd it as much as I did? Good God! how far are you from it, and how ashamed am I, to continue my Passion for an ungrateful Man?

XIV.

**Y**our unjust Reproaches, Robb'd me of all my Repose, and I am satisfy'd if you go on in the same way,

way, it will not be long before you will put an end to my Life. I have been struggling with my self all this Night, to forbear writing to you this Morning, but in vain, I am forced in spite of all my pride, to lay open my Frailties to you; I am forced, I say, to conjure you, to restore to me your Heart; and to win that, without which, I must be unhappy for ever. Triumph over my Passion, use your Victory as you think fit, for I am not in a Condition to hold out longer.

❧ XV. ❧

**Y**ou speak of your Sentiments in so engaging a manner, that it is a hard matter to withstand it: But they tell me you talk at the same rate to other Women: 'Tis impossible for me to be satisfy'd with a divided Heart; either all or nothing.

❧ XVI. ❧

**I**t seems as if all the World were agreed to inform me of the many Occasions of Complaint you give me. Alas! I know only too much of it, there needs no further Additions to convince me, that you never loved me, and that you have been always ready to sacrifice me. But to what a Deity, good God! You are like the *Indians* or *Savages*, who delight in frightful Postures; I am ashamed both of you and my self.

❧ XVII. ❧

**Y**ou have taken so little care to deserve my Heart, and you make Use of such effectual Methods to lose it, that it is apparent, I love you in spite of your self. I am not so blind as not to see your Faults; no, I see them all, and better than any Body else would do; because I am much more concern'd in them: However, Madam, whether it be my Stars, or my Captious Humour, whether both together, or rather my Heart, which



which remains unalterable to you; I am still the same. Alas! can there be a worse Fate than that which attends me! If I could at least move you to Compassion, since I am not capable of inspiring other Sentiments into you, I should have much less reason of Complaint than I now have; But what do I talk of moving your Pity? O! what makes me run upon these Extravagancies! No, Madam, no, don't pity me; I must either have your Heart or your Hatred, all the rest is unworthy of my Desires.

❖ XVIII. ❖

No, I know not any thing in the World more vexatious than those Visits of Ceremony one is obliged to receive. I have spent the whole Day under such a Constraint, as is almost unexpressible. 'Tis true, you were in my Company, but it is also no less true, that to see you, and not to dare to speak to you, nay, not so much as to look upon you, without the utmost Precaution, is a most severe Tryal to me. To be sure tell me, you bear a considerable share in my Pain, and exclaim with the same Violence against these impertinent Gossips, as I do. I flatter my self you had so much of them, as not to be smitten with the growing Charms of that meagre Beauty that sat next to you; had it been otherwise, I should certainly have found you out; if ever it should be so, pray keep it from my Knowledge, for I love you too much, not to be jealous.

❖ XIX. ❖

O! I am ready to die with trouble and fear; *Esber* having lost the Billet, I writ to you yesterday, it may perhaps be fallen into my Father's hands; if it should prove so, I am undone; but, my Lord, don't engage too far in the matter, your Preservation being dearer to me than my own Life. Take heed, not to come to my Lodgings

gings, till we know what is further to be done; O! how dearly I purchase this Precaution! I shall remain without seeing you, for a long time, and perhaps for ever; O! Good God! to what Despair am I reduced!

❧ XX. ❧

**Y**ou are very well at Home, and I am extremely well at my own Lodgings; let us therefore keep each where we are. I guess at What you intend to tell me, by what I have heard you say before; and you may likewise guess at what Answer I shall give you, by what I have told you already. Your Constancy is tiresome to me; my Heart is not to be won by a long Siege, but must be surpris'd; if you lose the first Moment, it is irrecoverable for ever.

❧ XXI. ❧

**C**OULD I believe I should ever see that Day to find you so far changed? Alas! was it possible that so much Tenderness, whereof I thought your Heart the surest Pledge, could cease out of Jealousy? Am I the Occasion of that capricious Humour, and won't you give me leave to justify my self? 'Tis not, Madam, that I pretend to oppose your Intentions: If you have a mind to find me guilty, I am willing to condemn my self. But if you will act without Passion, do me what Justice is due to me. Were you capable of Compassion, you would pity my present Condition; I am melancholy almost to Despair. And why, Madam, will you not let me see again some happy Days, after having made me feel so many cruel ones?

❧ XXII. ❧

**W**HAT is it, I should not tell you upon my Passion, and what Gratitude I owe you? 'Tis all much below what I feel, and there is nothing that can challenge

a COM-

a Comparison with what I would do for you. If you are the most lovely Woman in the World, I can swear to you, that I am the most tender of all Men living. Let me know at what Hour I may come to assure you of it; but above all, hasten that happy Minute, for I protest, should you delay but never so little, I shall die with Impatience.

❧ XXIII. ❧

THE very Thoughts of being separated from you, render my Sufferings so excessive, that I have Reason to believe Death it self will not be so dreadful to me, as your Absence. I am so much altered of late, that my Friends scarce know me. Your Modesty keeps you in *London*, whilst my Duty calls me to the *Hague*: Why are not you a Shepherdess and I a Shepherd? What Pleasures might not we enjoy in that happy Station? I should have the Satisfaction of seeing no other Woman but your self. But alas! how am I assured, that you would forget every body for my sake, as I would neglect every thing for you.

❧ XXIV. ❧

WHAT is it I would not give, to put a stop to your Voyage? Alas! how happy were Lovers in the first Ages, always true to their tender Loves; free from Ambition; they lived in their homely Cottages with their Mistresses, they never left them alone, they never let them go out of their Sight. Interest of State, had no Influence upon their Souls, to disturb their innocent Pleasures; A Treaty or Negotiation, perhaps founded upon sinister Designs, never snatch'd the Shepherd out of his Shepherdesses Arms. O happy times, what is become of you? Why did not our capricious Destiny let us be born in those Ages? I should then not have undergone the Dissatisfaction to see you go away, and you would have been ready to renounce those Chimerical Notions of Glory, which in Reality don't affect our Heart; and

instead thereof you would have made place for yours, for the sweet Enjoyments of a tender Friendship.

✂ XXV. ✂

**E**VER since I began to Love, I used to tell my self every day, it was impossible my Love should encrease, and after all, I find it does augment in a most surprising manner to me. Is it possible, that at the same moment I write to you, there should be an addition still? O! sweet Reflection, which flatters my Heart; I know what it is that can augment my Love; 'tis, my dear Countess, that you will favour me with your Picture, and that you would love me, as much as I love you. and constantly favour me with your Letters during my Residence at the *Hague*, whither now I am going by order of his Majesty, I shall think every Day an Age 'till I return, O that you may find means to hasten it!

✂ XXVI. ✂

**I** Am very willing to give you my Picture, because you request it, as an Allay to your Pains; and that there is nothing I would not do to ease them; But don't you believe I shall envy its Happiness? You will keep it constantly by you, you will often look upon it, and you will use it with a great deal of Tenderness, whilst I am bewailing your Absence, and am debarred of all other Pleasures, but of hearing News from you. I must own it to you, my Lord, I can't perswade my self as yet, you are so near your Departure. Your flattering Hopes have insinuated themselves into my Soul, to prevent my being quite oppress'd under the Burthen of my present Troubles.

✂ XXVII. ✂

**I** Have met this day with three or four several things, which equally afflict me; I plaid and was on the losing side;



side; my Spaniel is dead; the Gloves you sent me, are too much perfumed, your Fans seem'd to me too brown, and your Billet too full of Tenderneſs; I ſend you back, my Lord, your Preſent, and your Declaration; pray keep both for ſome other Perſon, that may be better diſpoſed to return your Favours according to your Wiſh.

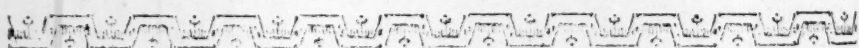
❖❖ XXVIII. ❖❖

**C**AN neither my Fidelity nor Love obtain the leaſt Kindneſs from you? Another poſſeſſes your Heart; and that Heart which belongs to me, and which is the only Satisfaction of my Life, is continually engaging it ſelf in new Amours. Nevertheleſs I love you with ſo much Tenderneſs and Complaiſance, and without any Conſideration, that I have the Weakneſs to concern my ſelf for you even when you wrong me, and your Grief is more ſenſible to me than my own: Comfort me only with a Look, or a Word.

❖❖ XXIX. ❖❖

**I** find you ſo ungrateful and deſpiſeable, that your Inconſtancy will not coſt me as much as one Sigh. The queſtion is not now, concerning your Sentiments and mine; 'tis enough, that they are ſo oppoſite to one another, that they will never agree again. Had it pleaſed Heavens to let me know you always, as well as I do now, ſince you are turned inconstant, this would have ſaved me a world of Trouble. But without inſiſting any further upon this Head, which can't but cauſe me abundance of Pain; or without putting you in mind of a Piece of Inſidelity; which ought to make you bluſh; I will content my ſelf with demanding from you my Picture and Letters, this being the only and the laſt thing I ſhall deſire of you; in lieu whereof I promiſe to forget you, even without ſo much as remembring your Name.

I own my self very much in the Wrong, to have given you the least Cause of uneasiness, yet if the Torments I have endured, since your last, could any ways atone for the Fault, I might have a claim to your Forgiveness; But I wave any Justification that is not entirely owing to your Goodness. I can deny you nothing, yet believe, if you knew the Anxiety I am in to part with your Picture and Letters, you would moderate your Demands, and leave me in the Possession of them, at least 'till I shall be so fortunate as to find an Opportunity of laying them with myself at your Feet, and there beg that Pardon, without which I never can be happy; For 'tis but a repeated Death to live under the Displeasure of my Dear Countess.



## XXX. THE SUBLIME.

A curious *Soliloquy*,  
from the Earl of SHAFTESBURY'S  
Characteristicks. Vol. 2<sup>d</sup>.

YE Fields and Woods, my Refuge from the toilsome World of Business, receive me into your quiet Sanctuaries, and favour my Retreat and thoughtful Solitude — Ye verdant Plains how gladly I salute ye! — Hail all ye blissful Mansions! Known Seats! Delightful Prospects! Majestic Beautys of this Earth, and all ye Rural Powers and Graces! — Bless'd be ye chaste abodes of happiest Mortals, who here in peaceful Innocence enjoy a Life unenvy'd tho' Divine; whilst with it's bless'd Tranquility it affords a happy Leisure and Retreat for Man; who, made for Contemplation, and to search his own and other Natures, may here best meditate the Cause of Things

Things; and plac'd amidst the various Scenes of Nature,  
may nearer view her Works.

O glorious NATURE! supremely Fair, and sovereignty  
Good! All-loving and All-lovely, All-divine! Whose  
Looks are so becoming, and of such infinite Grace;  
whose Study brings such Wisdom, and whose Contem-  
plation such Delight; whose every single Work affords an  
ampler Scene, and is a nobler Spectacle than all which  
ever Art presented! — O mighty *Nature*! Wise sub-  
stitute of *Providence*! impower'd *Creatress*! Or Thou im-  
powering DEITY, supreme Creator! Thee I invoke, and  
Thee alone adore. To thee this Solitude, this Place,  
these Rural Meditations are sacred; whilst thus inspir'd  
with Harmony of Thought, tho' unconfi'd by Words,  
and in loose Numbers, I sing of Nature's Order created  
Beings, and celebrate the Beautys which resolve in Thee,  
the Source and Principle of all Beauty and Perfection.

Thy Being is boundless, unsearchable, impenetrable.  
In thy Immensity all Thought is lost; Fancy gives o'er  
it's Flight; and weary'd Imagination spends it's-self in  
vain; finding no Coast nor Limit of this Ocean, nor, in  
the widest Tract thro' which it soars, one Point yet  
nearer the Circumference than the first Center whence it  
parted. — Thus having oft essay'd, thus sally'd forth  
into the wide *Expanse*, when I return again within my-  
self, struck with the Sense of this so narrow Being, and  
of the Fulness of that Immense one; I dare no more  
behold the amazing Depths, nor sound the Abyss of  
DEITY. —

Yet since by Thee (O *Sovereign* Mind!) I have been for-  
m'd such as I am, intelligent and rational; since the pe-  
culiar Dignity of my Nature is to know and contemplate  
Thee; permit me with due freedom I exert those Facul-  
ties with which thou hast in dow'd me. Bear with my  
ventrous and bold Approach. And since nor vain Curio-  
sity, nor fond Conceit, nor Love of ought save Thee  
alone,

alone, inspires me with such Thoughts as These be thou my Assistant, and guide me in this Pursuit; whilst I venture thus to tread the Labyrinth of wide Nature, and endeavour to trace Thee in all thy Works.

For, O mighty GENIUS! Sole-animating and inspiring Power! Author and Subject of these Thoughts! Thy Influence is universal: and in all Things, Thou art inmost. From Thee depend their secret Springs of Action. Thou mov'st them with an irresistible unweary'd Force, by sacred and inviolable *Laws* fram'd for the Good of each particular Being; as best may sute with the Perfection Life, and Vigour of *the Whole*. The vital Principle is widely shar'd, and infinitely vary'd: dispers'd thro'out; no where extinct. All lives; and by Succession still revives. The temporary Beings quit their borrow'd Forms, and yield their elementary Substance to New-Comers. Call'd, in their several turns, to Life, they view the Light, and viewing pass; that others too may be Spectators of the goodly Scene, and greater numbers still enjoy the Privilege of NATURE. Munificent and Great, she imparts herself to most; and makes the Subjects of her Bounty infinite. Nought stays her hastning Hand, No Time nor Substance is lost or un-improv'd. New Forms arise: and when the old dissolve, the Matter whence they were compos'd is not left useless, but wrought with equal Management and Art, even in *Corruption*, Nature's seeming Waste, and vile Abhorrence. The abject State appears merely as *the Way* or *Passage* to some better. But cou'd we nearly view it, and with Indifference, remote from the Antipathy of sense; we then perhaps shou'd highest raise our Admiration: convinc'd that even *the Way it-self* was equal to *the End*. Nor can we judge less favourably of that consummate Art exhibited thro' all the Works of Nature; since our weak Eyes, help'd by mechanic Art, discover in these Works a hidden Scene of Wonders; Worlds within Worlds, of infinite Minuteness, tho'



tho' as to Art still equal to the greatest, and pregnant with more Wonders than the most discerning Sense, join'd with the greatest Art, or the acutest Reason, can penetrate or unfold

But 'tis in vain for us to search the bulky Mass of MATTER; seeking to know it's nature; how great *the Whole* it-self, or even how small it's *Parts*.

If knowing only some of the Rules of MOTION, we seek to trace it further, 'tis in vain we follow it into the Bodys it has reached. Our tardy Apprehensions fail us, and can reach nothing beyond the Body it-self, thro' which it is diffus'd. Wonderful *Being*, (if we may call it so) which Bodys never receive, except from others which lose it; nor ever lose, unless by imparting it to others. Even without change of Place it has it's Force: And Bodys big with Motion labour to move, yet stir not; whilst they express an Energy beyond our Comprehension.

In vain too we pursue that *Phantome* TIME, too small, and yet too mighty for our Grasp; when shrinking to a narrow point, it escapes our Hold, or mocks our scanty Thought by swelling to Eternity, an Object unproportion'd to our Capacity, as is thy Being, O Thou Antient *Cause*! Older than *Time*, yet young with fresh Eternity.

In vain we try to fathom the Abyfs of SPACE, the Seat of thy extensive Being; of which no Place is empty, no Void which is not full.

In vain we labour to understand that Principle of SENSE and THOUGHT, which seeming in us to depend so much on *Motion* yet differs so much from it, and from *Matter* it self, as not to suffer us to conceive how Thought can more result from this, than this arise from Thought. But *Thought* we own pre-eminent, and confess the reallest of Beings; the only Existence of which we are made sure, by being conscious. All else may be only Dream and Shaddow. All which even *Sense* suggests may be deceitful. The SENSE *it-self* remains still; REASON subsists; and THOUGHT maintains it's *Elder-*

alone, inspires me with such Thoughts as These be thou my Assistant, and guide me in this Pursuit; whilst I venture thus to tread the Labyrinth of wide Nature, and endeavour to trace Thee in all thy Works.

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*ship* of Being. Thus are we in a manner conscious of that *original* and *externally existent* THOUGHT, whence we derive *our own*. And thus the Assurance we have of the Existence of Beings above our Sense, and of THEE, (the great Exemplar of thy Works) comes from Thee, the ALL-TRUE, and Perfect, who hast thus communicated thy self more immediately to us, so as in some manner *to inhabit* within our *Souls*; Thou who art *Original* SOUL, diffusive, vital in all, inspiriting *the Whole*.

All Nature's Wonders serve to excite and perfect this Idea of their *Author*. 'Tis here he suffers us to see, and even, converse with him, in a manner suitable to our Frailty. How glorious is it to contemplate him, in this noblest of his Works apparent to us, The *System* of the *bigger World*. —

Besides the neighbouring Planets, what Multitudes of *fix'd* STARS did we see sparkle, not an hour ago, in the clear Night, which yet had hardly yielded to the Day? How many others are discovered by the help of Art? Yet how many remain still, beyond the reach of our Discovery! Crouded as they seem, their Distance from each other is as unmeasurable by Art, as is the Distance between them and us. Whence we are naturally taught the Immensity of that BEING, who thro' these immense Spaces has dispos'd such an Infinity of Bodys, belonging each (as we may well presume) to Systems as complete as our own World: Since even the smallest Spark of this bright *Galaxy* may vie with this our SUN; which shining now full out, gives us new Life, exalts our Spirits, and makes us feel DIVINITY more present.

PRODIGIOUS ORB! Bright Source of vital Heat, and Spring of Day! — Soft Flame, yet how intense, how active! How diffusive, and how vast a Substance; Yet how collected thus within it-self, and in a glowing Mass confin'd to the Center of this *planetary* World! — *Mighty* Being! Brightest Image, and Representative of the



*Almighty!* Supreme of the corporeal World! Unperishing in Grace, and of unde a ying Youth! Fair, beautiful, and hardly mortal Creature! 'By what secret ways dost thou receive the Supplys which maintain Thee still in such unweary'd Vigour, and unexhausted Glory; notwithstanding those eternally emitted Streams, and that continual Expende of vital Treasures, which enlighten and invigorate the surrounding Worlds? —

Arround him all the PLANETS, with this *our Earth*, single, or with Attendants, continually move; seeking to receive the Blessing of his Light, and lively Warmth! Towards him they seem to tend with prone descent, as to their Center; but happily controul'd still by another Impulse, they keep their heavenly Order; and in just Numbers, and exactest Measures, go the eternal Rounds.

But, O thou who art the *Author* and *Modifier* of these various Motions! O *Sovereign* and *Sole Mover*, by whose high Art the rolling Spheres are govern'd, and those stupendious Bodys of our World hold their unrelenting Courses! O wise Oeconomist, and powerful Chief, whom all the Elements and Powers of Nature serve! How hast thou animated these moving Worlds? What Spirit or Soul infus'd? What Bias fix'd? Or how encompass'd them in liquid *Æther*, driving them as with the Breath of living Winds, thy active and unweary'd Ministers in this intricate and mighty Work?

Thus powerfully are the *Systems* held intire, and kept from fatal interferring. Thus is our *ponderous GLOBE* directed in it's annual Course; daily revolving on it's own Center: whilst the obsequious MOON with double Labour, monthly surrounding this our bigger Orb, attends the Motion of her Sister-Planet, and pays in common her circular Homage to the Sun.

Yet is this *Mansion-GLOBE*, this *Man-container*, of a much narrower compass even than other it's Fellow-Wanderers of our System, How narrow then must it appear,

compared with the capacious *System* of it's own *Sun*? And how narrow, or as nothing, in respect of those *innumerable Systems* of other apparent *Suns*? Yet how immense a Body it seems, compar'd with ours of human Form, a borrow'd Remnant of it's variable and oft-converted Surface? tho' animated with a sublime Celestial Spirit, by which we have Relation and Tendency to *Thee* our Heavenly Sire, Center of Souls; to whom these Spirits of ours by Nature tend, as earthly Bodys to their proper Center. — O did they tend as unerringly and constantly! — But *Thou* alone composest the Disorders of the Corporeal World, and from the restless and fighting *Elements* raisest that peaceful Concord, and conspiring Beauty of the ever flourishing Creation. Even so canst thou convert these jarring Motions of intelligent Beings, and in due time and manner cause them to find their Rest; making them contribute to the Good and Perfection of the UNIVERSE, thy *all good and perfect Work* —

Unhappy restless *Men*, who first disdain'd these peaceful Labours, gentle rural Tasks, perform'd with such Delight! What *Pride* or what *Ambition* bred this Scorn? Hence all those fatal Evils of your Race, Enormous *Luxury*, despising homely fare; ranges thro' Seas and Lands, rifles the Globe; and Men ingenious to their Misery, work out for themselves the Means of heavier Labour, anxious Cares, and Sorrow: Not satisfy'd to turn and manure for their use the wholesom and beneficial Mould of this their EARTH, they dig yet deeper, and seeking out imaginary Wealth, they search it's very Entrails.

Here led by Curiosity, we find *Minerals* of different natures, which by their Simplicity discover no less of the Divine Art, than the most compounded of Nature's Works. Some are found capable of surprising Changes; others, as durable, and hard to be destroy'd or chang'd by Fire, or utmost Art. So various are the Subjects of our Contemplation, that even the Study of these inglorious Parts of Nature

Nature, in the nether World, is able it-self alone to yield large Matter and Employment for the busiest Spirits of Man, who in the Labour of these Experiments can willingly consume their Lives. — But the noisom poisonous Steams which the *Earth* breathes from these dark Caverns, where she conceals her Treasures, suffer not prying Mortals to live long in this Search.

How comfortable is it to those who come out hence alive. to breathe a purer AIR! to see the rejoicing Light of *Day*! and tread the fertile Ground! How gladly they contemplate the Surface of the *Earth*, their Habitation, heated and enliven'd by the *Sun*, and temper'd by the fresh AIR of fanning *Breezes*! These exercise the resty Plants and scour the unactive Globe. And when the *Sun* draws hence thick clouded Steams and Vapour, 'tis only to digest and exalt the unwholesom Particles, and commit them to the sprightly AIR; which soon imparting it's quick and vital Spirit, renders them again with improvement to the *Earth*, in gentle Breathings, or in rich Dews and fruitful Showers. The same AIR, moving about the mighty Mass, enters it's Pores, impregnating the Whole: And both the *Sun*, and AIR conspiring, so animate this *Mother-Earth*. that tho' ever breeding, her Vigour is as great, her Beauty as fresh, and her Looks as charming, as if she newly came out of the forming Hands of the Creator.

How beautiful is the WATER among the inferior Earthly Works! Heavy, liquid, and transparent: without the springing Vigour and expansive Force of *Air*; but not without Activity. Stubborn and unyielding, when compress'd, but plainly avoiding Force, and bending every way with ready Fluency! Insinuating, it dissolves the lumpish *Earth*, frees the entangled Bodys, procures their Intercourse, and summons to the Field the keen terrestrial Particles; whose happy Strifes soon ending in strict Union, produce the various Forms which we behold

hold. How vast are the Abysses of the *Sea*, where this soft Element is stor'd; and whence the Sun and Winds extracting, raise it into Clouds! These soon converted into Rain, water the thirsty Ground, and supply a-fresh the Springs and Rivers; the Comfort of the neighbouring Plains, and sweet Refreshment of all Animals.

But whither shall we trace the Sources of the *LIGHT*? or in what Ocean comprehend the luminous Matter so wide diffus'd thro' the immense Spaces which it fills? What Seats shall we assign to that fierce Element of *FIRE* too active to be confin'd within the Compass of the *Sun*, and not excluded even the Bowels of the heavy *Earth*? The *Air* it-self submits to it, and serves as its inferior Instrument. Even this our *Sun*, with all those numerous *Suns*, the glittering Host of Heaven, seem'd to receive from hence the vast Supplies which keep them ever in their splendid State. The *invisible ethereal Substance*, penetrating both liquid and solid Bodys, is diffus'd thro' out the Universe. It cherishes the cold dull massy *Globe*, and warms it to it's Center. It forms the Minerals; gives Life and Growth to the Vegetables; kindles a soft, invisible, and vital *Flame* in the Breast of living Creatures; frames, animates, and nurses all the various Forms; sparing, as well as employing for their Use, those *sulphurous* and *combustible* Matters of which they are compos'd. Benign and gentle amidst all, it still maintains this happy Peace and Concord, according to it's stated and peculiar Laws. But these once broken, the acquitted *Being* takes it's Course unrul'd. It runs impetuous thro' the fatal Breach, and breaking into visible and fierce *Flames*, passes triumphant o'er the yielding Forms, converting all into it-self, and dissolving now those Systems which it-self before had form'd. —

How oblique and faintly looks the Sun on yonder Climates, far remov'd from him! How tedious are the *Winters* there! How deep the Horrors of the Night, and how un-



uncomfortable even the Light of Day ! The freezing Winds employ their fiercest Breath , yet are not spent with blowing. The Sea, which elsewhere is scarce confin'd within its Limits, lies here immur'd in Walls of Chrystal. The Snow covers the Hills, and almost fills the lowest Valleys, How wide and deep it lies, incumbent o'er the Plains, hiding the sluggish Rivers, the Shrubs, and Trees, the Dens of Beasts, and Mansions of distress'd and feeble Men ! — See ! where they lie confin'd, hardly secure against the raging Cold, or the Attacks of the Wild Beasts, now Masters of the wasted Field, and forc'd by Hunger out of the naked Woods, — Yet not dishearten'd (such is the force of human Breasts) but thus provided for, by Art and Prudence, the kind compensating Gifts of Heaven. Men and their Herds may wait for a Release. For at length the Sun approaching, melts the Snow, sets longing Men at liberty, and affords them Means and Time to make provision against the next Return of Cold. It breaks the icy Fetters of the Main; where vast Sea-Monsters pierce thro' floating Islands, with Arms which can withstand the Chrystal Rock: whilst others, who of themselves seem great as Islands, are by their Bulk alone arm'd against all but Man; whose Superiority over Creatures of such stupendious Size and Force, shou'd make him mindful of his Privilege of Person, and force him humbly to adore the great Composer of these wondrous Frames, and Author of his own superior Wisdom.

But leaving these dull Climates, so little favour'd by the Sun, for those happy Regions, on which he looks more kindly, making perpetual *Summer*; How great an Alteration do we find? His purer *Light* confounds weak-sighted Mortals, pierc'd by his scorching *Beams*. Scarce can they tread the glowing Ground. The Air they breathe can not enough abate the *Fire* which burns within their panting Breasts. Their Bodys melt. O'ercome and fainting, they seek the Shade, and wait the cool Refreshments

ments of the Night. Yet oft the *bounteous* CREATOR bestows other Refreshments. He casts a veil of *Clouds* before them, and raises gentle *Gales*; favour'd by which, the Men and Beasts pursue their Labours; and Plants refresh'd by Dews and Showers, can gladly bear the warmest Sun beams.

And here the varying Scene opens to new Wonders. We see a Country (*viz India*) rich with *Gems*, but richer with the fragrant *Spices* it affords. How gravely move the largest of *Land-Creatures* on the Banks of this fair River! How ponderous are their Arms, and vast their Strength, with Courage, and a Sense superior to the other Beasts! Yet are tam'd (we see) by Mankind, and brought even to fight their Battels, rather as Allies and Confederates, than Slaves. — But let us turn our Eyes towards these smaller, and more curious Objects; the numerous and devouring *Insects* on the Trees in these wide Plains. How shining, strong, and lasting are the subtle Threds spun from their artful Mouths! Who, beside *The all Wise*, has taught them to compose the beautiful soft Shells, in which reclus'd and bury'd, yet still alive, they undergo such a surprizing Change; when not destroy'd by Men, who clothe and adorn themselves with the Labours and Lives of these weak Creatures, and are proud of wearing such inglorious Spoils? How sumptuously apparel'd, gay, and splendid, are all the various *Insects* which feed on the other Plants of this warm Region! How beautiful *the Plants* themselves in all their various Growths, from the triumphant *Palm* down to the humble *Moss*!

Now may we see that *happy* Country where *Gums* and *Balsams* flow from Trees; and Nature yields her most delicious Fruits. How tame and tractable, how patient of Labour and of Thirst, are those large Creatures, who lifting up their lofty Heads, go led and loaden thro' these dry and barren Places? Their Shape and Temper show them fram'd by Nature to submit to Man, and filled for  
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his Service: who from hence ought to be more sensible of his Wants, and of the Divine Bounty, thus supplying them.

But see! not far from us, that *fertilest* of Lands, water'd and fed by a friendly generous Stream, which, ere it enters the Sea, divides it-self into many Branches, to dispense more equally the rich and nitrous Manure, it bestows so kindly and in due time, on the adjacent Plains. — Fair Image of that fruitful exuberant Nature, who with a Flood of Bounty blesses all things, and, Parentlike, out of her many Breasts sends the nutritious Draught in various Streams to her rejoicing Offspring! — Innumerable are the dubious Forms and unknown Species which drink the slimy Current! whether they are such as leaving the scorch'd Desarts, satiate here their ardent Thirst and promiscuously engendring, beget a monstrous Race; or whether (as it is said) by the Sun's genial Heat, active on the fermenting Ooze; new Forms are generated, and issue from the River's fertile Bed. — See there the noted Tyrant of the Flood, and Terror of it's Borders! when suddenly displaying his horrid Form, the *amphibious* Ravager invades the Land, quitting his watry Den, and from the deep emerging, with hideous rush, sweeps o'er the trembling *Plain*. The Natives from afar behold with wonder the enormou's Bulk, sprung from so small an Egg. With Horror they relate the Monster's Nature, cruel and deceitful: how he with dire Hypocrisy, and false Tears, beguiles the Simple-hearted; and inspiring Tendernefs and kind Compassion, kills with pious Fraud. — Sad Emblem of that spiritual Plague, dire *Superstition*! Native of this Soil; where first Religion grew unsociable, and among different Worshipers bred mutual-Hatred, and Abhorrence of each others Temples. The Infection spreads: and Nations now profane one to another, war fiercer, and in Religion's Cause forget Humanity: whilst savage *Zeal*, with meek

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and pious Semblance, works dreadful Mafacre; and for Heaven's fake (horrid Pretence!) makes desolate the Earth. —

Here let us leave these Monsters (glad if we cou'd here confine them!) and detesting the dire prolific Soil, fly to the vast *Desarts* of these Parts. All ghastly and hideous as they appear, they want not their peculiar Beautys. The Wildness pleases. We seem to live alone with Nature. We view her in her inmost Recesses, and contemplate her with more Delight in these original Wilds, than in the artful Labyrinths, and feign'd Wilderesses of the Palace. The Objects of the Place, the scaly Serpents, the savage Beasts, and poisonous Insects, how terrible soever, or how contrary to human Nature, are beauteous in themselves, and fit to raise our Thoughts in Admiration of that *Divine Wisdom*, so far superior to our short Views. Unable to declare the Use or Service of all things in this Universe, we are yet assur'd of the Perfection of *all*, and of the Justice of that *O Economy*, to which all things are subservient, and in respect of which, Things seemingly deform'd are amiable, Disorder becomes regular, Corruption wholesom, and Poisons (such as these we have seen) prove healing and beneficial.

But behold! thro' a vast Tract of Sky before us, the mighty ATLAS rears his lofty Head, cover'd with snow above the Clouds. Beneath the *Mountain's* foot, the rocky Country rises into Hills, a proper Basis of the ponderous Mass above: where huge embody'd Rocks lie pil'd on one another, and seem to prop the high Arch of Heaven. — See! with what trembling Steps poor Mankind tread the narrow Brink of the deep Precipices! From whence with giddy Horror they look down, mistrusting even the Ground which bears them; whilst they hear the hollow Sound of Torrents underneath, and see the Ruin of the impending Rock; with falling Trees which hang with their Roots upwards, and seem to draw more  
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Ruin after them. Here thoughtless Men seiz'd with the Newness of such Objects, become thoughtful, and willingly contemplate the incessant Changes of this Earth's Surface. They see, as in one instant, the Revolutions of past Ages, and the fleeting Forms of Things, and the Decay even of this our Globe; whose Youth and first Formation they consider, whilst the apparent Spoil and irreparable Breaches of the wasted Mountain shew them the World it self only as a noble Ruin, and make them think of it's approaching Period. — But here mid-way the *Mountain*, a spacious Border of thick Wood harbours our weary'd Travellers: who now are come among the evergreen, and lofty Pines, the Firs, and noble Cedars, whose towring Heads seem endless in the Sky; the rest of the Trees appearing only as shrubs beside them. And here a different Horror seizes our shelter'd Travellers, when they see the Day diminish'd by the deep Shades of the vast Wood; which closing thick above, spreads Darkness and eternal Night below. The faint and gloomy Light looks horrid as the Shade it self: and the profound Stillness of these Places imposes Silence upon Men, struck with the hoarse Echoing of every Sound within the spacious Caverns of the Wood. Here *Space* astonishes: *Silence* it-self seems pregnant; whilst an unknown Force works on the Mind, and dubious Objects move the wakeful Sense. *Mysterious Voices* are either heard or fancy'd: and various Forms of *Deity* seem to present themselves and appear more manifest in these sacred Silvan Scenes; such as of old gave rise to Temples, and favour'd the Religion of the antient World. Even we our-selves, who in plain Characters may read DIVINITY from so many bright Parts of Earth, chuse rather these obscurer Places to spell out that mysterious Being, which to our weak Eyes appears at best under a veil of Cloud. —



# XXXI. MORALITY.

The chief Methods whereby the Mind may be improved by Dr. ISAAC WATTS.

THERE are five éminent Méans or Méthods whereby the Mind is improved in the Knowledge of Things, and these are *Observation*, *Réading*, *Instrúction* by *Léctures*, *Conversation* and *Meditation*; which last in a most peculiar Manner is call'd *Study*.

LET us survéy the général *Definitions* or *Descriptions* of them all.

I. *OBSERVATION* is the *Nóticé* that we take of all *Occurrénces* in *húman Life*, whether they are *sensible* or *intelléctual*, whether relating to *Pérsons* or *Things*, to *ourselves* or *others*. 'Tis this that furnishes us éven from our Infancy with a rich variéty of *Ideás* and *Propositions*, *Words* and *Phrases*: 'Tis by this we know that *Fire will burn*, that the *Sun gives Light*, that a *Horse éats Grass*, that an *Acorn produces an Oak*, that *Man is a Béing capable of Réasoning and Discourse*, that *our Júdgment is weak*, that *our Mistakes are mány*, that *our Sorrows are gréat*, that *our Bodies die*, and are *carry'd to the Grave*, and that *one Génération succeeds anóther*. All those Things which we see, which we hear, or feel, which we percéive by *Sense* or *Consciousness*, or which we know in a *direct Manner*, with scarce ány Exercise of our *réasoning Powers*, may be included únder the général Name of *Observation*.

WHEN this *Observation* relates to ány thing that immediately concerns *ourselves*, and of which we are *conscious*, it may be called *Expérience*. So I am said to know or *expérience*, that *I have in myself a Power of thinking*, *fearing*, *loving*, &c. that *I have Appetites and Passions* working in me, and *mány personal Occurrénces* have attended me in this Life.

§ *Observation* therefore includes all that Mr. Locke méans by *Sensation* and *Reflection*. WHEN

WHEN we are seárchíng óut the Náture or Próperties of ány Béíng, bý várioús Méthods of Tríál, or when we ápply some áctíve Pówers or set some Cáuſes at work, to obſerve what Effécts they wóuld prodúce. this Sort of Obſervátion is call'd *Expéríment*. So when I thròw a *Búllet* into *Wáter*, I find it *sinks*: And when I thròw the *ſame* *Búllet* into *Quickſilver*, I ſee it *ſwims*: But if I beat óut this *Búllet* into a *thin* *hóllow* *Shape* like a Diſh, then it will *ſwim* in the *Wáter* too. So when I ſtrike two *Flints* togéther, I find they prodúce *Fire*: When I thròw a *Seed* into the *Eárb*, it gróws up into a *Plant*.

ALL theſe belong to the firſt Méthod of Knówledge, which I call *Obſervátion*.

II. *READING* is that Méans or Méthod of Knówledge whereby we acquaint ourſelves with what óther Men have written or públiſhed to the World in their *Writings*. Theſe Arts of *Reading* and *Writing* are of infinite Advántage; for by them we are made Partákers of the *Séntiments*, *Obſervátions*, *Reáſonings* and *Impróvements* of all the leárned World, in the móſt remóte Nátions, and in former Ages, almoſt from the *Beginning* of Mankind.

III. *PUBLICK* or *private Lécures*, are ſuch *verbal Inſtrúctions* as are gíven by a *Téacher* while the *Léárners* attend in *Silence*. This is the Way of leárning *Relígion* from the *Púlpit*, or of *Philóſophy* or *Théology* from the *Proféſſor's Chair*, or of *Mathemáticks* by a *Téacher* ſhéwing us várioús *Théörems* or *Probléms*, *i. e.* *Speculátions* or *Práctices*, by *Demonſtrátion* and *Operátion*, with all the *Inſtruments* of Art néceſſary to thoſe *Operátions*.

IV. *CONVERSATION* is anóther Méthod of impróving our *Minds*. whereín by *mútual Diſcòurſe* and *Enquiry* we leárn the *Séntiments* of óthers, as well as *commúnicate* our *Séntiments* to óthers in the *ſame Mánner*. Sometimes indeed, though bóth *Párties* ſpéak by turns, yet the Advántage is ónly on one Side; as, when a *Téacher* and a *Léárner* meet and diſcòurſe togéther: But fréquently the

Profit is mutual. Under this Head of *Conversation* we may also rank *Disputes* of various Kinds.

V. *MEDITATION* or *Study* includes all those *Exercises* of the *Mind* whereby we render all the former *Méthods* useful for our *Incréase* in true *Knòwledge* and *Wisdom*. 'Tis by *Meditation* we come to confirm our *Mémory* of Things that pass through our *Thoughts* in the *Occurrences* of *Life*, in our own *Expériences*, and in the *Observations* we make: 'Tis by *Meditation* that we draw various *Inferences*, and establish in our *Minds* general *Principles* of *Knòwledge*. 'Tis by *Meditation* that we compare the various *Ideas* which we derive from our *Senses*, or from the *Operations* of our *Souls*, and join them in *Propositions*. It is by *Meditation* that we fix in our *Mémory* whatsoever we learn, and form our own *Judgment* of the *Truth* or *Falshood*, the *Strength* or *Weakness* of what others speak or write. It is *Meditation* or *Study* that draws out long *Chains* of *Argument*, and searches and finds deep and difficult *Truths* which before lay concealed in *Darkness*.

It would be a needless Thing to prove that our own solitary *Meditations*, together with the few *Observations* that the most Part of Mankind are capable of making, are not sufficient of themselves to lead us into the Attainment of any considerable Proportion of *Knòwledge*, at least in an Age so much improved as ours is, Without the Assistance of *Conversation* and *Reading*, and other proper *Instructions* that are to be attained in our Days. Yet each of these five *Méthods* have their *peculiar Advantages*, whereby they assist each other; and their *peculiar Defects*, which have need to be supply'd by the others Assistance. Let us trace over some of the particular *Advantages* of each.

I. ONE *Méthod* of improving the *Mind* is *Observation*, and the *Advantages* of it are these.

I. It is owing to *Observation* that our *Mind* is furnished with the first, simple and complex *Ideas*. 'Tis this lays the



the Ground-work and Foundation of all Knowledge, and makes us capable of using any of the other Methods for improving the Mind: For if we did not attain a Variety of sensible and intellectual Ideas by the *Sensation* of outward Objects, by the *Consciousness* of our own Appetites and Passions, Pleasures and Pains, and by inward *Experience* of the Actings of our own Spirits, it would be impossible either for Men or Books to teach us any thing. It is Observation that must give us our first Ideas of Things, as it includes in it *Sense* and *Consciousness*.

2. ALL our Knowledge deriv'd from *Observation*, whether it be of single Ideas or of Propositions, is *Knowledge gotten at first Hand*. Hereby we see and know things as they are, or as they appear to us; we take the Impressions of them on our Minds from the original Objects themselves, which give a clearer and stronger Conception of Things; These Ideas are more lively, and the Propositions (at least in many Cases) are much more evident. Whereas what Knowledge we derive from *Lectures, Reading* and *Conversation*, is but the Copy of other Men's Ideas, that is, the Picture of a Picture; and 'tis one Remove further from the Original.

3. ANOTHER *Advantage of Conversation* is, that we may gain Knowledge all the Day long, and every Moment of our Lives, and every Moment of our Existence we may be adding something to our intellectual Treasures thereby, except only while we are asleep; and even then the Remembrance of our Dreamings will teach us some Truths, and lay a Foundation for a better Acquaintance with human Nature both in the Powers and in the Frailties of it.

II. THE next Way of improving the Mind is by *Reading*, and the *Advantages of it* are such as these.

1. By *Reading* we acquaint ourselves in a very extensive Manner with the *Affairs, Actions and Thoughts of the Living and the Dead*, in the most remote Nations and in most distant Ages; and that with as much Ease as though they lived

lived in our own Age and Nation. By *réading* of Books we may learn something from *all Parts of Mankind*; whereas by *Observation* we learn all from ourselves, and only what comes within our own direct Cognizance; by *Conversation* we can only enjoy the Assistance of a *véry few Persons*, viz. those who are near us and live at the same Time when we do, that is, our *Nèighbours* and *Contemporaries*: But our Knowledge is much more narrowed still, if we confine ourselves merely to our own solitary Reasonings without much Observation or Réading; for then all our Improvement must arise only from our own inward Powers, and Meditations.

2. By *Réading* we learn not only the Actions and the Sentiments of distant Nations and Ages, but we transfer to ourselves the Knowledge and Improvements of the *most learned Men, the best of Mankind*, when or wheresoever they lived; For though many Books have been written by weak and injudicious Persons, yet the most of those Books which have obtain'd great Reputation in the World are the Products of great and wise Men in their several Ages and Nations; Whereas we can obtain the *Conversation* and *Instrucción* of those only who are within the reach of our Dwelling, or our Acquaintance, whether they are wise or unwise; and sometimes that narrow Sphere scarce affords any Person of great Eminence in Wisdom or Learning, unless our *Instructor* happen to have this Character. And as for our own *Stúdy* and *Meditations*, even when we arrive at some good Degrées of Learning, our Advantage for further improvement in Knowledge by them is still far more contracted than what we may derive from *Réading*.

3. WHEN we read good Authors we learn the best, the most labour'd and most refin'd Sentiments even of those wise and learned Men; for they have study'd hard, and have committed to writing their matur'est Thoughts, and the Result of their long *Stúdy* and *Expérience*: whereas by *Conversation*, and in some *Léctures*, we obtain many Times only

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only the présent Thoughts of our *Tuteurs* or *Friends*, which (tho' they may be bright and úseful) yet at first perhaps may be súdden and indigested, and are meer Hints which have risen to no Matúriety.

4. 'Tis anóther Advántage of *Réading*, that we may *review what we have read*; we may consult the Page again and again, and méditate on it, at succéssive Séasons in our serénest and retired Hóurs, háving the Book álways at Hand; But what we obtain by *Conversation* and in *Lectures*, is oftentimes lost again as the Cómpany breaks up, or at léast when the Day váníshes; unléss we háppen to have the Tálent of a good Mémory, or quáckly retire and note dówn what *Remárkables* we have fóund in those Discóurses. And for the same Réason, and for want of ré-úring and wrítíng, mány a leárned Man has lost séveral úseful Méditátions of his ówn, and cóuld néver recal them again.

III. THE Advántages of *verbal instrúctions* by *públic* or *prí- vate Létúres* are these.

1. THERE is something *more sprightly, more delightful* and *entertaining* in the líving Discóurse of a wíse, good, leárned, and well-qualífied Téacher, than there is in the sílent and sédentary Práctice of Réading. The véry Turn of Voice, the good Pronunciátion, and the políte and allúring Máñner which some Téachers have attained, will engáge the Atténtion, keep the Sòul fixé, and convéy and insínuate ínto the Mínd, the Idéas of Things in a more lívely and fórcible Way, than the *meer réading of Books* in the Sílence and Retírement of the Clóset.

2. A Tútor or Instrúctor, when he páraphrases and expláins óther Authors, can *mark óut the précíse Point of Diffículty or Cóntroversy*, and unfold it. He can shew yóu which Páragraphs are of gréatest Impórtance, and which are of les Mómént. He can téach his Héarers what Authors, or what Parts of an Author, are best worth réading on ány partícular Súbject; and thus save his Discí-  

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ples much Time and Pains by short'ning the Lá-  
bours of their Clóset and private Stúdiés. He can shew  
you what were Dóctrines of the *Antients* in a *Compéndium*,  
which perhaps would cost much Lábour and the Perúsál  
of mány Books to attain. He can inform you what new  
Dóctrines or Séntiments are rising in the World, before  
they come to be públick; as well as acquaint you with  
his own private Thóughts and his own Expériments and  
Observátions, which néver were and perhaps néver will  
be published to the World, and yet may be véry váluable  
and úseful.

3. A LÍVING Instrúctor *can convéy to our Senses those No-  
tions with which he would furnish our Minds, when he téa-  
ches us náatural Philósofhy, or móst Parts of mathemátical  
Leárning.* He can make the Expériments before our Eyes.  
He can describe *Figures* and *Diagrams*, point to the *Lines*  
and *Angles*, and make out the *Demonstrátion* in a more in-  
telligible Manner by sensible Méans, which cannot be done  
so well by mere Réading, éven thóugh we shóuld have  
the same *Figures* lying in a Book before our Eyes. A  
living Téacher therefore is a móst nécessary Help in these  
Stúdiés.

I MIGHT add also that éven where the Súbject of Dis-  
coursé is *Móral, Lógical* or *Rhetórical*, &c. and which  
does not directly come únder the Nótice of our Senses,  
a Tútor may expláin his Idéas by such famíliar Exámplés  
and plain or simple Similitudes as seldóm find place in  
Books and Writings.

4. WHEN an Instrúctor in his Lécúres delivers ány  
Mátter of Díficulty, or expresse himself in such a Mán-  
ner as seems obscére, so that you don't take up his Idéas  
cléarly or fully, *you have opportunity*, at léast when the  
Lécúre is finished, or at óther próper Séasons, to enquire  
*how such a Séntence shóuld be understóod, or how such a Dis-  
ficulty may be expláined and remóved.*

If there be Permíssion given to free Cónverse with the  
Tútor, éither in the midst of the Lécúre or ráther at  
the



the End of it concerning any Doubts or Difficulties that occur to the Hearer, this brings it very near to *Conversation* or *Discourse*.

IV. *CONVERSATION* is the next Method of Improvement, and it is attended with the following *Advantages*.

I. WHEN we *converse* familiarly with a learned Friend, we have his own Help at Hand to explain to us every Word and Sentiment that seems obscure in his Discourse, and to inform us of his whole Meaning, so that we are in much less Danger of mistaking his Sense; whereas in Books whatsoever is really obscure, may also abide always obscure without Remedy, since the Author is not at Hand, that we may enquire his Sense.

If we mistake the Meaning of our Friend in *Conversation*, we are quickly set right again; but in *Reading* we many times go on in the same Mistake, and are not capable of recovering ourselves from it. Thence it comes to pass that we have so many Contests in all Ages about the Meaning of *antient Authors*, and especially the *sacred Writers*. Happy should we be could we but converse with *Moses*, *Esaiah* and *St. Paul*, and consult the *Prophets* and *Apostles*, when we meet with a difficult Text! But that glorious Conversation is reserved for the Ages of future Blessedness.

2. WHEN we are *discoursing* upon any Theme with a Friend, we may propose our Doubts and Objections against his Sentiments, and have them solved and answered at once. — The Difficulties that arise in our Minds may be removed by one enlightning Word of our Correspondent; whereas in *Reading*, if a Difficulty or Question arise in our Thoughts which the Author has not happened to mention, we must be content without a present Answer or Solution of it. Books cannot speak.

3. Not only the Doubts which arise in the Mind upon any Subject of Discourse are easily proposed and solved in *Conversation*, but the very Difficulties we meet with in Books

*and in our private Stúdiét may find Reliéf by friendly Conférence.* We may pore upon a knótty Point in sólitary Méditation mány Months without a Solútion, because perhaps we have got into a wrong Tráct of Thóught; and our Lábour (while we are pursuing a false Scent) is not only úseless and unsuccéssful, but it léads us perhaps into a long Train of Error for want of béing corrécted in the first Step. But if we note down this Díficulty when we réad it, we may propóse it to an ingénious *Correspondent* when we see him, we may be reliéved in a Móment, and find the Díficulty vánish: He behòlds the Object perhaps in a différent View, sets it before us in quite anóther Light, and léads us at once into Evidence and Truth, and that with a delightful Surpríze.

4. *CONVERSATION calls out into Light what has been lodged in all the Recésses and sécret Chámbers of the Sòul:* By occasíonal Hints and Incidents its brings óld úseful Nótions into Rémémbrance; it unfolds and díspláys the hídden Tréasures of Knòwledge with which Réading, *Observation* and *Stúdy* had before fúrnished the Mínd. By mútual Discóurse the Sòul is awakéned and allúred to bring fòrth its Hòards of Knòwledge, and it léarns hów to rénder them móst úseful to Mankínd. A Man of vast Réading without Conversátion is like a *Miser* who lives ónly to himsélf

5. In free and friendly *Conversation* our *intelléctual Pówers* are more ánimated and our *Spírits* act with a *superíor Vigour* in the *Quest and Pursúit* of unknown Truths. There is a Shárpness and Sagácity of Thóught that attends *Conversation* beyónd what we find whilst we are shut up réading and musing in our Retírements. Our Sòuls may be *seréne* in Sólitude, but not *spárkling*, though perhaps we are employed in réading the Works of the bríghtest Wríters. Often has it háppened in *free Discóurse* that new Thóughts are strángely struck óut, and the Seeds of Truth spárkle and blaze thróugh the Cómpany, which in calm and sílent Réading wóuld néver have been excíted. By *Conversation* you will bóth give

give and receive this Bénéfit; as *Flints* when put into Motion and striking against each other produce living Fire on both Sides, which would never have risen from the same hard Materials in a State of Rest.

6. In generous *Conversation*, amongst ingenious and learned Men we have a great Advantage of proposing our private Opinions, and of *bringing our own Sentiments to the Test*, and learning in a more compendious and a safer Way what the World will judge of them, how Mankind will receive them, what Objections may be raised against them, what Defects there are in our Scheme, and how to correct our own Mistakes; which Advantages are not so easy to be obtained by our own private *Meditations*; For the Pleasure we take in our own Notions, and the *Passion of Self love*, as well as the *Narrowness*, of our own *Views*, tempt us to pass too favourable an Opinion on our own Schemes; whereas the Variety of *Génius* in our several Associates will give happy Notices how our Opinion will stand in the View of Mankind.

9 'Tis also another considerable Advantage of *Conversation* that it furnishes the Student with the *Knowledge of Men* and the Affairs of Life, as *Reading* furnishes him with *Book-Learning*. A Man who dwells all his Days among Books may have amass'd together a vast Heap of Notions, but he may be a *mere Schólar*, which is a contemptible Sort of Character in the Word. A Hermit who has been shut up in his Cell in a College, has contracted a Sort of Mould and Rust upon his Soul, and all his Airs of Behaviour have a certain Awkwardness in them; but these awkward Airs are worn away by Degrees in Company; The Rust and the Mould are filed and brushed off by polite Conversation. The *Schólar* now becomes a *Citizen* or a *Gentleman*, a *Neighbour* and a *Friend*; he learns how to dress his Sentiments in the fairest Colours, as well as to set them in the strongest Light. Thus he brings out his Notions with Honour, he makes some Use

of them in the World and improves the Théory by the Práctice.

BUT before we proceed too far in finishing a bright Character by *Conversation*, we should consider, that something else is necessary besides an *Acquaintance with Men and Books*: And therefore I add,

V. MERE *Lectures*, *Reading*, and *Conversation* without *Thinking*, are not sufficient to make a Man of Knowledge and Wisdom. It is our own *Thought* and *Reflection*, *Study* and *Meditation* must attend all the other Méthods of Improvement, and perfect them. It carries these Advantages with it:

I THOUGH *Observation* and *Instruction*, *Reading* and *Conversation* may furnish us with many Idéas of Men and Things, yet it is our own *Meditation* and the Labour of our own *Thoughts* that must form our Judgment of Things. Our own *Thoughts* should join or disjoin these Idéas in a Proposition for ourselves: It is our own Mind that must judge for ourselves concerning the Agreement or Disagreement of Idéas, and form Propositions of Truth out of them. *Reading* and *Conversation* may acquaint us with many *Truths* and with many Arguments to support them, but it is our own *Study* and *Reasoning* that must determine whether these Propositions are true, and whether these Arguments are just and solid.

It is confest there are a thousand Things which our Eyes have not seen, and which would never come within the Réach of our personal and immediate Knowledge, and *Observation*, because of the Distance of Times and Places: These must be known by consulting other Persons; and that is either in their *Writings* or in their *Discourses*. But after all, let this be a fixed Point with us, that it is our own *Reflection* and *Judgment* must determine how far we should receive that which Books or Men inform us of, and how far they are worthy of our Assent and Crédit.



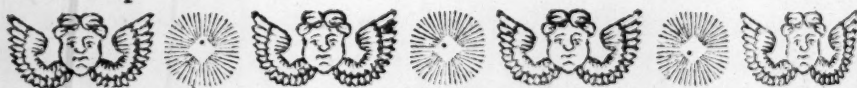
2. It is *Meditation* and *Study* that transfers and Conveys the *Notions* and *Sentiments* of others to ourselves, so as to make them properly our own. It is our own *Judgment* upon them as well as our *Memory* of them that makes them become our own *Property*. It does as it were concoct our intellectual Food, and turns it into a Part of ourselves: Just as a Man may call his Limbs and his Flesh his own, whether he borrowed the Materials from the Ox or the Sheep, from the Lark or the Lobster; whether he derived it from Corn or Milk, the Fruits of the Trees, or the Herbs and Roots of the Earth; it is all now become one Substance with himself, and he wields and manages those Muscles and Limbs for his own proper Purposes, which once were the Substance of other Animals or Vegetables; that very Substance which last Week was grazing in the Field or swimming in the Sea, waving in the Milk-pail, or growing in the Garden, is now become Part of the Man.

3. By *Study* and *Meditation* we improve the Hints that we have acquired *Observation*, *Conversation* and *Reading*; we take more Time in Thinking, and by the Labour of the Mind we penetrate deeper into Themes of Knowledge, and carry our Thoughts sometimes much farther on many Subjects than we ever met with either in the Books of the Dead or *Discourses* of the Living. It is our own *Reasoning* that draws out one Truth from another, and forms a whole Scheme of Science from a few Hints which we borrowed elsewhere.

By a Survey of these Things we may justly conclude that he that spends all his time in *hearing Lectures*, or *poring upon Books*, without *Observation*, *Meditation* or *Conversation*, will have but a mere *historical Knowledge of Learning*, and be able only to tell what others have known or said on the Subject: He that lets all his Time flow away in *Conversation* without due *Observation*, *Reading* or *Study*, will gain but a slight and superficial Knowledge, which will be in Danger of vanishing with the Voice of the Speaker;

ker: And hé that confines himfélf mérely to his Clóset and his òwn *nárrow Observátiön* of Things, and is taught ònly by his òwn *solitary Thoughts*, withóut *Instrúctiön by Léc-tures, Réading or free Conversátiön*, will be in Dánger of a *nárrow Spírit*, a vain Concéit of himfélf, and an unréa-sonable Contémp't of óthers; and áfter all he will obtáin but a véry límited and impérféct View and Knówledge of *Things*, and he will séldom léárñ hów to make that Knów-ledge úseful

THESE *five Méthods of impróvement* shóuld be pursúed jointly, and go Hand in Hand, where óur Círcumstances are so háppy as to find Opportúniaty and Convénieney to enjý them all: Tho' I must give my Opínion, that two of them, *viz. Réading and Meditátiön* shóuld implý much more of óur Time than públick *Léctúres or Conversátiön* and Discóurse. As for *Observátiön* We may be álwáys ac-quiríng Knówledge that Way, whéther we are álone or in Cómpany.



## XXXII. DRAMATIC STYLE.

The Character of a *Hypocrite* drawn to the Life by  
Mr. WICHERLEY in his *Plain-Dealer*:

Scene Olivia's Lodging.

*Enter Olivia, Eliza, Lettice.*

*Oliv.* **A**H Cousin, what a World 'tis we live in! I am so weary of it.

*Eliz.* Truly, Cousin, I can find no fault with it, but that we cannot always live in't, for I can never be weary of it.

*Oliv.* O hideous! you cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you like the filthy World.

*Eliz.* You cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you dislike it.

*Oliv.*

*Oliv.* You are a very censorious Creature, I find.

*Eliz.* I must confess, I think we Women as often discover where we love by railing, as Men when they lye, by their swearing; and the World is but a constant keeping Gallant, whom we fail not to quarrel with, when any thing crosses us, yet cannot part with't for our Hearts.

*Let.* A Gallant indeed, Madam, whom Ladies first make jealous, and then quarrel with it for being so: for if, by her Indiscretion, a Lady be talk'd of for a Man, she cries presently, '*Tis a censorious World*'; if by her Vanity the Intrigue be found out, '*Tis a prying malicious World*'; if by her Over-fondness the Gallant proves unconstant, '*Tis a false World*. and if by her Niggardliness the Chamber-Maid tells, '*Tis a perfidious World*. But that, I'm sure your Ladyship cannot say of the World yet, as bad as 'tis.

*Oliv.* But I may say, '*Tis a very impertinent World*. Hold your Peace. And, Cousin, if the World be a Gallant, 'tis such a one as is my Aversion. Pray name it no more.

*Eliz.* But is it possible the World, which has such Variety of Charms for other Women, can have none for you? Let's see—first, what d'ye think of Dressing and fine Clothes?

*Oliv.* Dressing! Fy, fy, 'tis my Aversion. But come higher, you Dowdy; methinks you might have open'd this Toure better: O hideous! I cannot suffer it: D'ye see how't fits?

*Eliz.* Well enough, Cousin, if Dressing be your Aversion.

*Oliv.* 'Tis so: And for Variety of rich Clothes, they are more my Aversion.

*Let.* Ay, 'tis because your Ladyship wears 'em too long; for indeed a Gown, like a Gallant, grows one's Aversion by having too much of it.

*Oliv.* Insatiable Creature! I'll be sworn I have had this  
T not

not above three Days, Cousin, and within this Month have made some six more.

*Eliz.* Then your Aversion to 'em is not altogether so great.

*Oliv.* Alas! 'tis for my Woman only I wear 'em, Cousin.

*Let.* If it be for me only, Madam, pray do not wear 'em.

*Eliz.* But what d'ye think of Visits—Balls—

*Oliv.* O, I detest 'em.

*Eliz.* Of Plays?

*Oliv.* I abominate 'em: Filthy, obscene, hideous things.

*Eliz.* What say you to Masquerading in the Winter, and Hyde-Park in the Summer?

*Oliv.* Insipid Pleasures I taste not.

*Eliz.* Nay, if you are for more solid Pleasures, what think you of a rich young Husband?

*Oliv.* O horrid! Marriage! what a Pleasure you have found out! I nauseate it of all things.

*Let.* But what does your Ladyship think then of a liberal, handsome young Lover?

*Oliv.* A handsome young Fellow, you Impudent! Be gone out of my sight: Name a handsome young Fellow to me! Foh, a hideous handsome young Fellow I abominate.

(Spits.

*Eliz.* Indeed! But let's see—will nothing please you? What d'ye think of the Court?

*Oliv.* How, the Court! the Court, Cousin! my Aversion, my Aversion, my Aversion of all Aversions.

*Eliz.* How, the Court! where—

*Oliv.* Where Sincerity is a Quality as out of fashion, and as unprosperous as Bashfulness: I cou'd not laugh at a Quibble, tho it were a fat Privy Counsellor's; nor praise a Lord's ill Verses, tho I were my self the Subject; nor an old Lady's young Looks, tho I were her Wo-

man;



mon; nor fit to a vain young *Smile-Maker*, tho he flatter'd me. In short, I cou'd not glout upon a Man when he comes into a Room, and laugh at him when he goes out: I cannot rail at the Absent, to flatter the Standers-by; I—

*Eliz.* Well, but Railing now is so common, that 'tis no more Malice, but the Fashion; and the Absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at; than the Present think they're the better for being flatter'd. And for the Court—

*Oliv.* Nay, do not defend the Court; for you'll make me rail at it like a trusting Citizen's Widow.

*Eliz.* Or like a *Holborn Lady*, who cou'd not get in to the last Ball, or was out of Countenance in the Drawing-Room the last Sunday of her Appearance there: For none rail at the Court, but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous when they are there. And I shall suspect you were laugh'd at when you were last there, or wou'd be a Maid of Honour.

*Oliv.* I a Maid of Honour! To be a Maid of Honour were yet of all things my Aversion.

*Eliz.* In what Sense am I to understand you? But in fine, by the Word Aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew Woman yet us'd it, who did not. Come, our Tongues belye our Hearts more than our Pocket-Glasses do our Faces: But methinks we ought to leave off dissembling; since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise Observers understand us now a-days as they do Dreams, Almanacks, and *Dutch Gazettes*, by the contrary: And a Man no more believes a Woman, when she says she has an Aversion for him, than when she says she'll cry out.

*Oliv.* O filthy, hideous! Peace, Cousin, or your Discourse will be my Aversion: And you may believe me.

*Eliz.* Yes: for if any thing be a Woman's Aversion, 'tis *Plain Dealing* from another Woman: And perhaps that's

that's your Quarrel to the World, for that will talk, as your Woman says.

*Oliv* Talk, not of me sure: For what Men do I converse with? what Visits do I admit?

*Enter Boy,*

*Boy.* Here's the Gentleman to wait upon you, Madam.

*Oliv.* On me! you little unthinking Fop; d'ye know what you say?

*Boy.* Yes, Madam; 'tis the Gentleman that comes every day to you, who —

*Oliv.* Hold your peace, you heedless little Animal, and get you gone. This Country Boy, Cousin, takes my Dancing Master, Taylor, or the spruce Milliner, for Visitors.

*(Exit Boy.)*

*Let.* No, Madam; 'tis Mr. *Novel*, I'm sure, by his talking so loud: I know his Voice too, Madam.

*Oliv.* You know nothing, you buffle-headed stupid Creature you: You wou'd make my Cousin believe I receive Visits. But if it be Mr — what did you call him?

*Let.* Mr. *Novel*, Madam: He that —

*Oliv.* Hold your peace; I'll hear no more of him; But if it be Mr. — (I cannot think of his Name again) I suppose he has follow'd my Cousin hither.

*Eliz.* No, Cousin, I will not rob you of the Honour of the Visit: 'Tis to you, Cousin; for I know him not.

*Oliv.* Not did I ever hear of him before, upon my Honour, Cousin; besides, han't I told you, that Visits, and the Business of Visits, Flattery and Detraction, are my Aversion? D'ye think then I wou'd admit such a Coxcomb as he is? Who rather than not rail, will rail at the Dead, whom none speak ill of; rather than not flatter, will flatter the Poets of the Age, whom none will flatter; who affects Novelty as much as the Fashion, and is as fantastical, as changeable, and as well known as the Fashion,

Fashion; who likes nothing but what is new, nay, wou'd chuse to have his Friend, or his Title a new one. In fine, he is my Averfion.

*Eliz.* I find you do know him, Cousin; at least, have heard of him.

*Oliv.* Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

*Eliz.* Well; but since he is such a Coxcomb, for Heaven's sake, let him not come up. Tell him, Mrs. Lettice, your Lady is not within.

*Oliv.* No, *Lettice*, tell him, my Cousin is here, and that he may come up: For notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his Conversation; and tho I wou'd use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you in my own Lodging: Since he has follow'd you hither, let him come up, I say.

*Eliz.* Very fine! Pray let him go to the Devil, I say for me: I know him not, nor desire it. Send him away, Mrs. *Lettice*.

*Oliv.* Upon my Word, she shan't: I must disobey your Commands, to comply with your Desires. Call him up, *Lettice*.

*Eliz.* Nay, I'll swear she shall not stir on that Errand.  
(*Holds Lettice.*)

*Oliv.* Well then, I'll call him my self for you, since you will have it so. Mr. *Novel*, (*Calls out at the Door.*) Sir, Sir.

*Enter Novel.*

*Nov.* Madam I beg your Pardon; perhaps you were busy: I did not think you had Company with you.

*Eliz.* Yet he comes to me, Cousin! (*Aside.*)

*Oliv.*—Chairs there. (*They sit.*)

*Nov.* Well; but Madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

*Oliv.* From some melancholy Place, I warrant, Sir, since they have lost your good Company.

*Eliz.* So!

*Nov.* From a Place, where they have treated me at Dinner with so much Civility and Kindness, a Pox on 'em, that I cou'd hardly get away to you, dear Madam.

*Oliv.* You have a Way with you so new and obliging, Sir!

*Eliz.* You hate Flattery, Cousin. (Apart to Olivia.

*Nov.* Nay, faith, Madam, d'ye think my Way new? Then you are obliging, Madam. I must confess, I hate Imitation, to do any thing like other People. All that know me, do me the honour to say, I am an Original, faith. But, as I was saying, Madam, I have been treated to day with all the Ceremony and Kindness imaginable at my Lady *Autum's*: But the nauseous old Woman at the upper End of her Table——

*Oliv.* Revives the old *Grecian* Custom, of serving in a Death's Head with their Banquets.

*Nov.* Ha! ha! fine, just i'faith, nay, and new. 'Tis like eating with the Ghost in the *Libertine*: She wou'd frighten a Man from her Dinner with her hollow Invitation, and spoil one's Stomach——

*Oliv.* To Meat or Women. I detest her hollow cherry Cheeks: She looks like an old Coach new painted; affecting an unseemly Smugness, whilst she is ready to drop in pieces.

*Eliz.* You hate Detraction, I see, Cousin.

(Apart to Olivia.

*Nov.* But the silly old Fury, whilst she affects to look like a Woman of this Age, talks——

*Oliv.* Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old Courtier, who has out-liv'd his Office.

*Nov.* Yes, Madam; but pray let me give you her Character. Then she never counts her Age by the Years, but——

*Oliv.* By the masques she has liv'd to see.

*Nov.* Nay then, Madam, I see you think a little harmless Railing too great a Pleasure for any but your self; and therefore I've done.

*Oliv*



*Oliv.* Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at Dinner

*Nov.* If you would hear me, Madam.

*Oliv.* Most patiently: Speak, Sir.

*Nov.* Then, we had her Daughter——

*Oliv.* Ay, her Daughter; the very Disgrace to good Clothes, which she always wears but to heighten her Deformity, not mend it: For she is still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill Piece of Daubing in a rich Frame.

*Nov.* So! But have you done with her, Madam? And can you spare her to me a little now?

*Oliv.* Ay, ay, Sir.

*Nov.* Then, she is like——

*Oliv.* She is, you'd say, like a City Bride, the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty, for her Dreſs.

*Nov.* Well: But have you done, Madam? Then she——

*Oliv.* Then she bestows as unfortunately on her Face all the Graces in fashion, as the languishing Eye, the hanging or pouting Lip: But as the Fool is never more provoking than when he aims at Wit, the ill favour'd of our Sex are never more nauseous than when they would be Beauties, adding to their natural Deformity the artificial Uglineſs of Affectation.

*Eliz.* So, Cousin, I find one may have a Collection of all one's Acquaintances Pictures as well at your House, as at Mr. Lely's: Only the Difference is, there we find them much handsomer than they are, and like; here much uglier, and like: And you are the first of the Profession of Picture-Drawing I ever knew without Flattery.

*Oliv.* I draw after the Life; do no body wrong, Cousin.

*Eliz.* No, you hate Flattery and Detraction.

*Oliv.* But Mr. *Novel*, who had you besides at Dinner?

*Eliz.*

*Nov.* Nay the Devil take me if I tell you, unless you will allow me the Privilege of railling in my Turn: But, now I think on't, the Women ought to be your Province, as the Men are mine: And you must know we had him whom——

*Oliv.* Him, whom——

*Nov.* What, invading me already? And giving the Character before you know the Man?

*Eliz.* No, that is not fair, tho it be usual.

*Oliv.* I beg your Pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray go on.

*Nov.* Then, I say, we had that familiar Coxcomb, who is at home wherefoe'er he comes,

*Oliv.* Ay, that Fool——

*Nov.* Nay then, Madam, your Servant; I'm gone: Taking the Fool out of one's Mouth, is worse than taking the Bread out of one's Mouth.

*Oliv.* I've done; your Pardon, Mr. *Novel*: Pray proceed.

*Nov.* I say, the Rogue, that he may be the only Wit in Company, will let no body else talk, and——

*Oliv.* Ay, those Fops who love to talk all themselves, are of all things my Aversion.

*Nov.* Then you'll let me speak, Madam, sure. The Rogue, I say, will force his Jest upon you: And I hate a Jest that's forc'd upon a Man, as much as a Glass.

*Eliz.* Why, I hope, Sir, he does not expect a Man of your Temperance in jesting shou'd do him Reason?

*Nov.* What! Interruption from this side too? I must then——

*(Offers to rise, Olivia holds him.)*

*Oliv.* No, Sir,——You must know, Cousin, that Fop he means, tho he talks only to be commended, will not give you leave to do't.

*Nov.* But, Madam——

*Oliv.* He a Wit! Hang him; he's only an Adopter of straggling Jests and fatherless Lampoons: by the Credit of which he eats at good Tables, and so, like the barren Beggar-Woman, lives by borrow'd Children.

*Nov.*

*Nov.* Madam——

*Oliv.* And never was Author of any thing but his News:  
But that is still all his own.

*Nov.* Madam, pray——

*Oliv.* An eternal Babbler; and makes no more use of his Ears, than a Man that sits at a Play by his Mistress, or in Fop-Corner. He's, in fine, a base detracting Fellow, and is my Aversion. But who else, prithee Mr. *Novel*, was there with you? Nay you shan't stir,

*Nov.* I beg your Pardon, Madam; I cannot stay in any Place where I'm not allow'd a little christian Liberty of Railing.

*Oliv.* Nay, prithee Mr. *Novel*, stay; and tho you shou'd rail at me, I wou'd hear you with Patience; Prithee, who else was there with you?

*Nov.* Your Servant, Madam.

*Oliv.* Nay, prithee tell us, Mr. *Novel*, prithee do.

*Nov.* We had no body else.

*Oliv.* Nay faith, I know you had. Come, my Lord *Plausible* was there too: who is Cousin, a——

*Eliz.* You need not tell me what he is, Cousin; for I know him to be a civil, good-natur'd, harmless Gentleman, that speaks well of all the World, and is always in good humour; and——

*Oliv.* Hold, Cousin, hold: I hate Detraction: but I must tell you, Cousin, his Civility is Cowardice, his Good-Nature want of Wit; and he's as neither Courage nor Sense to rail. And for his being always in humour, 'tis because he is never dissatisfied with himself. In fine, he is my Aversion; and I never admit his Visits beyond my Hall.

*Nov.* No, he visit you! Damn him, cringing grinning Rogue: If I shou'd see him coming up to you, I wou'd make bold to kick him down again. Ha!——

*Enter my Lord Plausible.*

My dear Lord, your most humble Servant.

*(Rises and salutes Plausible, and kisses him.)*

U

*Eliz.*

*Eliz.* So, i find Kissing and Railing succeed each other with the angry Men, as well as with the angry Women; and their Quarrels are like Love-Quarrels, since Absence is the only Cause of them; for as soon as the Man appears again, they are over. *(Aside.*

*Ld. Plauf.* Your most faithful humble Servant, generous Mr. *Novel*: And, Madam, I am your eternal Slave, and kiss your fair Hands: which I had done sooner, according to your Commands, but—

*Oliv.* No Excuses. my Lord.

*Eliz.* What, you sent for him then, Cousin? *(Apart.*

*Nov.* Ha! invited! *(Aside.*

*Oliv.* I know you must divide your self; for your good Company is too general a Good to be ingross'd by any particular Friend.

*Ld. Plauf.* O Lord, Madam. my Company! your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant: But I cou'd have brought you good Company indeed; for I parted at your Door with two of the worthiest bravest Men—

*Oliv.* Who were they, my Lord?

*Nov.* Who do you call the worthiest bravest Men, pray?

*Ld. Plauf.* O, the wisest bravest Gentlemen! Men of such Honour and Virtue! of such good Qualities! ah—

*Eliz.* This is a Coxcomb that speaks ill of all People a different way, and libels every body with dull Praise, and commonly in the wrong Place; so makes his Panegyrics abusive Lampoons. *(Aside.*

*Oliv.* But pray let me know who they were?

*Ld. Plauf.* Ah! such Patterns of heroick Virtue! such—

*Nov.* Well; but who the Devil were they?

*Ld. Plaif.* The Honour of our Nation! the Glory of our Age! Ah, I cou'd dwell a Twelvemonth on their Praise; which indeed I might spare by telling their Names: Sir *John Current*: and Sir *Richard Court-Title*.

*Nov.* *Court-Title*! Ha, ha.

*Oliv.*



*Oliv.* And Sir *John Current*! Why will you keep such a Wretch company, my Lord?

*Ld. Plauf.* O, Madam, seriously you are a little too severe; for he is a Man of unquestion'd Reputation in every thing.

*Oliv.* Yes, because he endeavours only with the Women to pass for a Man of Courage, and with the Bullies for a Wit; with the Wits for a Man of Business, and with the Men of Business for a Favorite at Court; and at Court for City-Security.

*Nov.* And for Sir *Richard*, he—

*Ld. Plauf.* He loves your choice pick'd Company, Persons that—

*Oliv.* He loves a Lord indeed; but—

*Nov.* Pray, dear Madam, let me have but a bold Stroke or two at his Picture; He loves a Lord, as you say, tho—

*Oliv.* Tho he borrow'd his Money, and ne'er paid him again.

*Nov.* And wou'd bespeak a Place three Days before at the Back-end of a Lord's Coach to *Hyde-Park*.

*Ld. Plauf.* Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are both too severe.

*Oliv.* Then, to shew yet more his Passion for Quality, he makes Love to that fulsome Coach-Load of Honour, my Lady *Goodly*; for he's always at her Lodging.

*Ld. Plauf.* Because it is the Conventicle-Gallant, the Meeting House of all the fair Ladies, and glorious superfine Beauties of the Town.

*Nov.* Very fine Ladies! there's first—

*Oliv.* Her Honour, as fat as an Hostess.

*Ld. Plauf.* She is something plump indeed, a goodly, comely, graceful Person.

*Nov.* Then there's my Lady *Frances*, what d'ye call her? as ugly—

*Oliv.* As a Citizen's lawfully begotten Daughter.

*Ld. Plausf.* She has Wit in abundance; and the handsomest Heel, Elbow, and Tip of an Ear, you ever saw.

*Nov.* Hee and Elbow! Ha! ha! And there's my Lady Betty, you know——

*Oliv.* As fluttish and flatteringly as an *Irish* Woman bred in *France*.

*Ld. Plausf.* Ah! all she has hangs with a loose Air, indeed, and becoming Negligence.

*Eliz.* You see all Faults with Lover's Eyes, I find, my Lord.

*Ld. Plausf.* Ah, Madam, your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant to command! But you can say nothing sure against the superfine Mistress——

*Oliv.* I know who you mean. She is as censorious and detracting a Jade, as a superannuated Sinner.

*Ld. Plausf.* She has a smart Way of Raillery, 'tis confess'd

*Nov.* And then for Mrs *Grideline*.

*Ld. Plausf.* She, I'm sure, is——

*Oliv.* One that never spoke ill of any body, 'tis confess'd: For she is as silent in Conversation as a Country Lover, and no better Company than a Clock; or a Weather Glass; for if she sounds, 'tis but once an Hour, to put you in mind of the Time of Day, or to tell you 'twill be Cold or Hot, Rain or Snow.

*Ld. Plausf.* Ah, poor Creature! she's extremely good and modest

*Nov.* And for Mrs. *Bridlechin*, she's——

*Oliv.* As proud as a Churchman's Wife.

*Ld. Plausf.* She's a Woman of great Spirit and Honour, and will not make her self cheap, 'tis true.

*Nov.* Then Mrs. *Hoyden*, that calls all People by their Surnames, and is——

*Oliv.* As familiar a Duck——

*Nov.* As an Actress in the Tyring-Room. There I was once before hand with you, Madam.

*Ld. Plausf.*

*Ld. Plaus.* Mrs. *Hoyden!* a poor, affable, good-natur'd Soul. But the divine Mrs. *Trifle* comes thither too: Sure her Beauty, Virtue, and Conduct, you can say nothing to.

*Oliv.* No!

*Nov.* No!—Pray let me speak, Madam.

*Oliv.* First, can any one be call'd Beautiful that squints?

*Ld. Plaus.* Her Eyes languish a little, I own.

*Nov.* Languish! ha, ha!

*Oliv.* Languish! Then, for her Conduct, she was seen at the *Country Wife* after the first Day. There's for you, my Lord.

*Ld. Plaus.* But, Madam, she was not seen to use her Fan all the Play long, turn aside her Head, or by a conscious Blush discover more Guilt than Modesty.

*Oliv.* Very fine! Then you think a Woman modest that sees the hideous *Country Wife* without blushing, or publishing her Detestation of it? D'ye hear him, Cousin?

*Eliz.* Yes; and am, I must confess, something of his opinion; and think that as an over-conscious Fool at a Play, by endeavouring to shew the Author's want of Wit, exposes his own to more Censure, so may a Lady call her own Modesty in question, by publicly cavilling with the Poet's; for all those Grimaces of Honour and artificial Modesty disparage a Woman's real Virtue, as much as the Use of White and Red does the natural Complexion: And you must use very, very little, if you wou'd have it thought your own.

*Oliv.* Then you wou'd have a Woman of Honour with passive Looks, Ears, and Tongue, undergo all the hideous Obscenity she hears at nasty Plays.

*Eliz.* Truly, I think a Woman betrays her want of Modesty, by shewing it publicly in a Play-House, as much as a Man does his want of Courage by a Quarrel there; for the truly Modest and Stout say least, and are least exceptions, especially in publick.

*Oliv.*

*Oliv.* O hideous! Cousin: This cannot be your Opinion. But you are one of those who have the Confidence to pardon the filthy Play.

*Eliz.* why, what is there of ill in't, say you?

*Oliv.* O fy, fy, fy! would you put me to the Blush anew? call all the Blood into my Face again? But to satisfy you then; first, the clandestine Obscenity in the very Name of *Horner*.

*Eliz.* Truly, 'tis so hidden, I cannot find it out, I confess.

*Oliv.* O horrid! Does it not give you the rank Conception or Image of a Goat, or Town-Bull, or a Satyr? nay, what is yet a filthier Image than all the rest, that of an Eunuch?

*Eliz.* what then? I can think of a Goat, a Bull, or a Satyr, without any hurt.

*Oliv.* Ay; but, Cousin, one cannot stop there.

*Eliz.* I can, Cousin.

*Oliv.* O no; for when you have those filthy Creatures in your Head once, the next thing you think, is what they do; as their defiling of honest Men's Beds and Couches, Rapes upon sleeping and waking Country Virgins under Hedges, and on Haycokes: Nay further—

*Eliz.* Nay, no farther, Cousin; We have enough of your Comment on the Play, which will make me more ashamed than the Play it self.

*Oliv.* O! believe me, 'tis a filthy Play; and you may take my Word for a filthy Play, as soon as another's: But the filthiest thing in that Play, or any other Play, is—

*Eliz.* Pray keep it to your self, if it be so.

*Oliv.* No, faith, you shall know it; I'm resolv'd to make you out of love with the Play: I say, the leudest filthiest thing is his *China*; nay, I will never forgive the beastly Author his *China*: He has quite taken away the Reputation of poor *China* it self, and sully'd the most innocent



innocent and pretty Furniture of a Lady's Chamber; in-  
somuch that I was fain to break all my defil'd Vessels.  
You see I have none left; nor you, I hope.

*Eliz.* You'll pardon me, I cannot think the worse of  
my *China* for that of the Play House.

*Oliv.* Why, you will not keep any now sure! 'Tis  
now as unfit an Ornament for a Lady's Chamber, as the  
Pictures that come from *Italy*, and other hot Countries;  
as appears by their Nudities. which I always cover, or  
scratch out, wherefoe'er I find 'em. But *China*! out  
upon't, filthy *China*! nasty, debauch'd *China*!

*Eliz.* All this will not put me out of conceit with *Chi-  
na*, nor the Play, which is acted to day, or another of  
the same beastly Author's, as you call him. which I'll  
go see.

*Oliv.* You will not sure! nay, you sha' not venture  
your Reputation by going, and mine by leaving me a-  
lone with two Men here: nay, you'll disoblige me for  
ever, if—

(*Pulls her back.*

*Eliz.* I stay—your Servant.

(*Exit Eliza.*

*Oliv.* Well—but, my Lord, tho you justify every  
body, you cannot in earnest uphold so beastly a Writer,  
whose Ink is so smutty, as one may say.

*Ld. Plauf.* Faith, I dare swear the poor Man did not  
think to disoblige the Ladies, by any amorous, soft,  
passionate, luscious Saying in his Play.

*Oliv.* Foy, my Lord; but what think you, Mr. No-  
vel, of the Play? tho I know you are a Friend to all  
that are new.

*Nov.* Faith, Madam, I must confess, the new Plays  
wou'd not be the worse for my Advice. but I cou'd ne-  
ver get the silly Rogues, the Poets, to mind what I say,  
but I'll tell you what Counsel I gave the surly Fool you  
spake of.

*Oliv.* Whas was't?

*Nov.*

*Nov.* Faith, to put his Play into Rhyme; for Rhyme, you know, often makes mystical Nonsense pass with the Criticks for Wit, and a double-meaning Saying with the Ladies, for soft, tender, and moving Passion.



## TRANSLATIONS.

XXIII. From the GREEK.

HOMER'S Description of the Shield of ACHILLES translated by Mr. ALEX. POPE.

The Father of the fires  
 To the black labours of his forge retires.  
 Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd  
 Their iron mouths: and where the furnace burn'd  
 Resounding breath'd; At once the blast expires,  
 And twenty forges catch at once the fires;  
 Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,  
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.  
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,  
 And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid Gold:  
 Before, deep fix'd, th'eternal anvils stand;  
 The pondrous hammer loads his better hand,  
 His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round;  
 And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound,  
 THEN first he form'd th'immense and solid *Shield*;  
 Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field;  
 Its utmost verge a threefold Circle bound;  
 A silver chain suspends the massy round:  
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose  
 And god-like labours on the surface rose.  
 There shone the image of the Master Mind:  
 There Earth, there ~~the~~ Heaven there Ocean he design'd;  
 Th'unweary'd Sun, the Moon compleatly round,  
 The starry lights that Heav'n's bright convex crown'd:

# The

The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, with the northern team.  
 And great *Orion's* more refulgent beam;  
 To which, around the axle of the sky,  
 The *Bear* revolving, points his golden eye,  
 Still shines exalted on th' ætherial plain;  
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,  
 The image one of peace and one of war.  
 Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,  
 And solemn dance, and *Hymeneal* rite;  
 Along the street the new made Brides are led,  
 With Torches flaming, to the nuptial bed;  
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound  
 To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:  
 Thro' the fair streets the matrons in a Row,  
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the *Forum* swarm a num'rous train;  
 The subject of debate, a Townsman slain:  
 One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,  
 And bade the public and the laws decide:  
 The witness is produc'd on either hand;  
 For this, or that, the partial people stand:  
 Th' appointed Heralds still the noisy bands,  
 And form a ring with scepters in their hands  
 On seats of stone, within the sacred place,  
 The rev'rend Elders nodded o'er the case;  
 Alternate, each th' attesting scepter took,  
 And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.  
 Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,  
 The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far:)  
 Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.  
 Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,  
 And one would pillage, one would burn the place.  
 Mean time the Townsmen, arm'd with silent care,  
 A secret ambush on the foe prepare:

Their wives, their children, and the watchful band,  
 Of trembling parents on the turrets stand.  
 They march, by *Pallas* and by *Mars* made bold;  
 Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,  
 And Gold their armour: These the squadron led,  
 August, divine, superior by the head!  
 A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood  
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.  
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem  
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.  
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,  
 And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains  
 Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,  
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.  
 In Arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round  
 Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground,  
 Whole flocks and herds lye bleeding on the plains,  
 And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains.  
 The bellowing Oxen the besiegers hear;  
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the War;  
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;  
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood:  
 There tumult, there contention stood confest;  
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast;  
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled  
 With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead,  
 Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:  
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.  
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye;  
 And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.  
 A field deep furrow'd, next the God design'd,  
 The third time labour'd by the sweating Hind;  
 The shining shares full many Plowmen guide,  
 And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry side.  
 Still as at either end they wheel around,  
 The Master meets 'em with his goblet crown'd;



The hearty draught rewards; renews the toil;  
 Then back the turning plowshares cleave the soil;  
 Behind the rising earth in ridges roll'd,  
 And sable look'd tho' form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain,  
 With bended sickles stand the reaper train;  
 Here stretch'd in ranks the level'd swarths are found  
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves, here thicken up the ground,  
 With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;  
 The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;  
 And last the children, in whose arms are born  
 (Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.  
 The rustic Monarch of the field describes  
 With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.  
 A ready banquet on the turf is laid,  
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.  
 The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;  
 The reaper's due repast, the women's care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines  
 Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines;  
 A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,  
 And curl'd on silver props, in order glow:  
 A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;  
 And pales of glitt'ring tin th'enclosure grace.  
 To this, one pathway gently winding leads,  
 Where march a train with baskets on their heads,  
 (Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear  
 The purple product of th'autumnal year.  
 To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,  
 Whose tender lay the fate of *Linus* sings;  
 In measur'd dance behind him move the train,  
 Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.  
 Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,  
 Rear high their horses, and seem to lowe in gold,  
 And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores  
 A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars;

The

Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,  
And nine four dogs compleat the rustic band.  
Two Lions rushing from the wood appear'd  
And seiz'd a Bull, the master of the herd:  
He roar'd in vain the dogs, the men withstood,  
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood,  
The dogs (oft' cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,  
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of *Vulcan* leads  
Deep thro' fair forests, and a length of meads:  
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd courts between;  
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the Scene.

A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen  
In lofty *Gnoffus*, for the *Cretan* Queen,  
Form'd by *Dadalean* art A comely band  
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand!  
The maids in soft *Cymarrs* of linnen drest;  
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest;  
Of those the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd,  
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of Gold.  
That glitt'ring gay, from silver belts depend.  
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,  
With well taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,  
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:  
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,  
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring;  
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost.  
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.  
The gazing multitudes admire around;  
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;  
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,  
And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield compleat the Artist crown'd  
With his last hand, and pour'd the Ocean round:  
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,  
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

# SAPPHO'S ODE to VENUS

translated by Mr. A. PHILLIPS.

I.

O *Venus*, Beauty of the Skies,  
To whom a Thousand Temples rise,  
Gayly false in gentle Smiles,  
Full of Love-perplexing Wiles;  
O Goddess! from my Heart remove  
The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A Song in soft Distress preferr'd,  
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,  
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.  
Descend thou bright, immortal Guest,  
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

III.

Thou once didst leave Almighty *Jove*,  
And all the Golden Roofs above:  
The Carr thy wanton sparrows drew,  
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;  
As to my Bower they wing'd their Way,  
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

IV.

The Birds dismiss (while you remain)  
Bore back their empty Carr again:  
Then you, with Look devinely mild,  
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,  
And ask'd, what new Complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

V.

What Frenzy in my Bosom rag'd  
And by what Cure to be asswag'd?  
What gentle Youth I would allure,  
Whom in my artful Toils secure?

X 3

Who

Who does thy tender Heart subdue,  
Tell me, my *Sappho*, tell me who?

VI.

Tho' now he shuns thy longing Arms,  
He soon shall court thy flighted Charms  
Tho' now thy Offerings he despise,  
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;  
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

VII.

Celestial Visitant, once more  
Thy needful Presence I implore!  
In Pity come and ease my Grief,  
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief,  
Favour thy suppliant's hidden Fires,  
And give me All my Heart desires.

---

A curious Fragment of SAPPHO  
translated by Mr. PHILLIPS.

I.

Bless'd as th' immortal Gods is he,  
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,  
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;  
For while I gaz'd, in Transport toss'd,  
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

III.

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame  
Ran quick through all my vital Frame;  
O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung;  
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

IV



IV.

In dewy damps my Limbs were chill'd;  
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;  
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.



XXXIV. From the LATIN.

VIRGIL'S VIth Eclogue translated by the  
Earl of ROSCOMON.

I first of *Romans* stoop'd to Rural strains,  
Nor blush'd to dwell among *Sicilian* Swains,  
When my *Thalia* rais'd her bolder Voice,  
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,  
*Phæbus* did kindly humbler Thoughts infuse,  
And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse.  
A shepherd, *Tyrtus*, his Flock should feed,  
And chuse a subject suited to his Reed.  
Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares  
To write thy Praises, *Varus*, and thy Wars)  
My Past'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,  
And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes  
Can look on this, and such a Trifle prize)  
Thee only, *Varus*, our glad swains shall sing,  
And ev'ry Grove and ev'ry Echo ring.  
*Phæbus* delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,  
And none who under that Protection came  
Was ever ill receiv'd, or insecure of Fame.

Proceed my Muse.

Young *Chromis* and *Mnasylus* chanc'd to stray  
Where (sleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,  
Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,  
And always boil in each extended Vein;

His

His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,  
 Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Use?  
 Drop'd from his Hand, a wreath lay on the Ground;  
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;  
 Eager, for both had been deluded long  
 With fruitless hope of his instructive song:  
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,  
*Ægle*; the fairest *Nais* of the Flood,  
 With a Vermilion Dye his Temples stain'd.  
 Waking, he smil'd. and must I then be chain'd?  
 Loose me he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find  
 And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.  
 The promis'd Verse no longer I'll delay,  
 (She shall be satisfy'd another way,)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud,  
 The knotty Oaks their lift'ning Branches bow'd,  
 And Savage Beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd;  
 For lo! he sung the World's stupendious Birth,  
 How scatter'd seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,  
 And purer Fire, through universal Night  
 And empty Space, did fruitfully unite;  
 From whence th' innumerable Race of things,  
 By circular successive Order springs.

By what degrees this Earth's compacted Sphere  
 Was hardned. Woods and Rocks and Towns to bear;  
 How sinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)  
 Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,  
 While from above, adorn'd with radiant Light,  
 A new-born Sun surpriz'd the dazzled Sight;  
 How Vapours turn'd to Clouds obscure the sky,  
 And Clouds dissolv'd the thirsty Ground supply;  
 How the first Forest rais'd its shady Head,  
 Till when, few wandring Beasts

on unknown Mountains fed.

Then *Pyrrha's* stony Race rose from the Ground,  
 Old *Saturn* reign'd with golden Plenty crown'd,

And

And bold *Prometheus* (whose untam'd Desire  
Rival'd the Sun with his own heav'nly Fire)  
Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vulture's endless Prey,  
Severely pays for animating Clay.

He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could tell)  
Into whose Arms the lovely *Hylas* fell;  
*Alcides* wept in vain for *Hylas* lost,  
*Hylas* in vain resounds through all the Coast.

He with Compassion told *Pasiphae's* Fault,  
Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty Thought.  
The Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick cries  
And imitated lowings fill'd the Skies,  
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild Conceit)  
Did never burn with such unnat'ral Heat.

Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains stray,  
He on soft Flow'rs his snowy Side does lay;  
Or seeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:  
Surround, my Nymphs, she cries, surround the Grove;  
Perhaps some Footsteps printed in the Clay,  
Will to my Love direct your wand'ring way;  
Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,  
My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how *Atalanta* was betray'd  
By those *Hesperian* Baits her Lover laid,  
And the sad Sisters who to Trees were turn'd,  
While with the World th' ambitious Brother burn'd.  
All he describ'd was present to their Eyes,  
And as he rais'd his Verse, the Poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by *Apollo's* will  
Guide wand'ring *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill:  
(Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)  
With deep respect the learned Senate rose  
And *Linus* thus (deputed by the rest)

The Hero's welcome, and their thanks express'd:  
This Harp of Old to *Hesiod* did belong,  
To this, the Muses Gift, join the harmonious Song;

Charm'd

Charm'd by these Strings, Trees starting from the Ground,  
Have follow'd with delight the pow'rful Sound.  
Thus consecrated, thy *Grynean* Grove  
Shall have no Equal in *Apollo's* Love.

Why shou'd I speak of the *Megarian* Maid,  
For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd?  
And her, who round with barking Monsters arm'd,  
The wand'ring *Greeks* (ah frighted Men) alarm'd;  
whose only Hope on shatter'd Ships depends,  
While fierce Sea dogs devour the mangled Friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrant's alter'd Shape,  
And dire Revenge of *Philomela's* Rape,  
Who to those Woods directs her mournful course,  
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous Force,  
While loth to leave the Palace too well known,  
*Progné* flies hovering round, and thinks it still her own?

What ever near *Eurota's* happy Stream  
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo's* Theam,  
*Silenus* sings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,  
And send his Mysttick Numbers through the Sky;  
Till Night began to spread her gloomy Veil,  
And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale;  
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,  
And to prevailing Shades the murm'ring World resign'd. (\*)

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A Passage from HORACE. Book I. *Epistle II.*  
translated

by Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

NOR House, nor Lands, nor Heaps of Plate, or Gold,  
Can cure a Fev'rs Heat, or Ague's Cold;  
Much less a Mind with Grief or Care oppress:  
No Man's Possessions e'er can make him blest,

That

---

(\*) This Eclogue is also translated, or rather imitated, with great success by Mr. Dryden. See other Translations from *Virgil*, page 36, 37, & 100. of this Essay.



That is not well himself, and sound at Heart;  
 Nature will ever be too strong for Art.  
 Whoever feeds vain Hopes, or fond Desires,  
 Distracting Tears, wild Love, or Jealous Fires,  
 Is pleas'd with all his Fortunes, like sore Eyes  
 With curious Pictures; Gouty Legs and Thighs  
 With Dancing; or Half-dead and Aking Ears  
 With Musick, while the Noise he hardly hears,  
 For if the Cask remains unsound and fou'r,  
 Be the Wine ne'er so rich or good you pour,  
 'Twill take the Vessel's Taste and lose it's own,  
 And all you fill were better let alone.

The Description of a Storm from OVID,  
 translated by Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

AND now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,  
 The Sailors ship their Oars and cease to row;  
 Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails  
 Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales.  
 By this the Vessel half her Course had run,  
 And as much rested till the setting Sun.  
 Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the Close  
 Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose:  
 The Sea grew white, the rolling Waves from far,  
 Like Heralds, first denounce the wat'ry War.  
 This seen, the Master soon began to cry,  
 Strike, strike the Top-sail, let the Main-sheet fly,  
 And furl your Sails: The Winds repel the Sound.  
 And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd;  
 Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught,  
 Each in his Way, officiously they wrought;  
 Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides;  
 Another, bolder yet, the Yards bestrides,  
 And folds the Sails; a Fourth, with Labour, laves  
 Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.

In this Confusion, while their Workl they ply,  
 The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,  
 And wage intestine Wars; the suffering Seas  
 Are toss'd and mingled as their Tyrants please.  
 The Master would command. but, in Despair  
 Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care;  
 Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,  
 Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows:  
 Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill,  
 With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill:  
 The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrouds;  
 Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds.  
 At once from *East* to *West*, from Pole to Pole,  
 The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roll,  
 Now Waves, on Waves ascending, scale the Skies,  
 And in the Fires above the Waters fries.  
 When yellow Sands are sifted from below,  
 The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show;  
 And when the fouler Bottom spews the Black,  
 The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take:  
 Then frothy White appear the flatted Seas,  
 And change their Colour, changing their Disease.  
 Like various Fits the beaten Vessel finds,  
 And now, sublime, she rides upon the Winds;  
 As from a lofty Summit looks from high,  
 And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky.  
 Now from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,  
 And at a Distance see superiour Light:  
 The lashing Billows make a loud Report.  
 And Beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort;  
 Or as a Lion, bounding in his Way,  
 With force augmented, bears against his Prey,  
 Sidelong to seize; or, unappal'd with Fear,  
 Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear:  
 So Seas, impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r,  
 Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.

The

The Planks, their pitchy Cov'ring wash'd away,  
 Now yield, and now a yawning Breach display.  
 The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide  
 Rush thro' the Ruins of her gaping Side.  
 Mean Time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends.  
 And Ocean, swell'd with Waters upwards tends.  
 One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea  
 Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.  
 The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,  
 Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.  
 No Star appears to lend his friendly Light:  
 Darknefs and Tempest make a double Night.  
 But-flashing Fires disclose the deep by Turns;  
 And while the Lightnings blaze, the Water burns.  
 Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite;  
 And, as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight,  
 Makes Way for others; and, an Host alone,  
 Still presses on, and urging gains the Town:  
 So while th' invading Billows come a-breast,  
 The Hero tenth, advanc'd before the rest,  
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,  
 And from the Walls descends upon the Prey;  
 Part follow'ing enter, Part remain without,  
 With Envy hear their Fellows conq'ring Shout,  
 And mount on others Backs, in hope to share  
 The City, thus become the Seat of War.  
 An universal Cry resounds aloud,  
 The Sailors run in Heaps, a helpless Croud:  
 Art fails, and Courage falls; no Succour near;  
 As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.  
 One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief;  
 One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief;  
 But, stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:  
 One with loud Shrieks laments his lost Estate,  
 And calls those happy whom their fun'ral wait.

The

This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,  
And ev'n the Skies, he cannot see, adores;  
That other on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,  
His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.  
The cov'tous Worldling, in his anxious Mind,  
Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.

All *Ceyx* his Care *Alcyoné* employs;  
For her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys.  
His Wife he wishes, and would still be near,  
Not her with him, but wishes him with her.  
Now with last Looks he seeks his native Shore,  
Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more;  
He fought, but in the dark tempestuous Night,  
He knew not whither to direct his Sight.  
So whirl the Seas, such Darkness blinds the Sky,  
That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.  
The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempest tore  
Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.  
One Billow mounts, and, with a scornful Brow,  
Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below;  
Nor lighter falls than if some Giant tore  
*Pindus* and *Athos* with the Freight they bore,  
And toss'd on Seas; press'd with the pond'rous Blow,  
Down sinks the Ship, within th' Abyss below:  
Down with the Vessel sink into the Main  
The Many, never more to rise again.  
Some few on scatter'd Planks, with fruitless Care,  
Lay hold, and swim; but, while they swim, despair.  
Ev'n he, who late a Scepter did command,  
Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand;  
And while he struggles on the stormy Main,  
Invokes his Father, and his Wife's in vain:  
But yet his Comfort is his greatest Care,  
*Alcyoné* he names amidst his Pray'r:  
Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind;  
Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.

Tir'd



Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety past,  
 From Prayers to Wishes he descends at last;  
 That his dead Body, 'wasted to the Sands,  
 Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.  
 As oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,  
 And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair;  
 And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves;  
 Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves.  
 At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,  
 Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath.



### XXXV. From the ITALIAN.

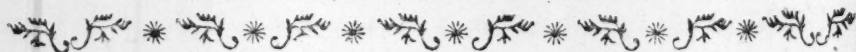
Part of the V. Scene of the II. Act in GUARI-  
 NI'S PASTOR FIDO,

translated by the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

AH happy Grove! dark and secure Retreat  
 Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal Seat;  
 How well your cool and unfrequented Shade  
 Suits with the chaste Retirements of a Maid;  
 Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,  
 To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;  
 All my Ambition I would here confine,  
 And only this *Elyzium* shou'd be mine:  
 Fond Men by Passion wilfully betray'd,  
 Adore those Idols which their Fancy made;  
 Purchasing Riches, with our Time and Care,  
 We lose our Freedom in a Gilded Snare;  
 And having all, all to our selves refuse,  
 Opprest with Blessings which we fear to use.  
 Fame is at best but an inconstant Good,  
 Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood;  
 We soonest lose what we most highly prize,  
 And with our Youth our short-liv'd Beauty dies;

In

In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,  
If our Abundance makes us wish for more;  
How happy is the harmless Country Maid,  
Who rich by Nature scorns superfluous Aid!  
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,  
But like her Soul preserves the Native white;  
Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please,  
Nor pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease,  
Who free from Storms, which on the great ones fall,  
Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all;  
No Cares but Love can discompose her Breast,  
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best;  
While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lye,  
Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye;  
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impose,  
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,  
Under some fav'rite Mirtles shady Boughs,  
They speak their Passions in repeated Vows,  
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,  
His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns;  
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lye,  
And while they live, their Flames can never dye.



## XXXVI. From the FRENCH.

A Piece of Archbishop FENELON'S *Telemachus* translated by Mr. A. BOYER.

## The ARGUMENT.

**T**elemachus relates that upon his Arrival in Crete, he learned, that Idomeneus, the King of that Island, had sacrific'd his only Son to perform a rash Vow: that the Cretans, in order to avenge the Son's Blood, had compelled the Father to fly their Country; and that after various Consultations, they were actually assembled in order to elect a new King. Telemachus adds, that being admitted into that

that Assembly, he carry'd the Prize of several Games, and explain'd the Queries left by Minos, in the Book of his Laws whereupon the old Men, the Judges of the Island, and all the People, admiring his Wisdom, would have made him their King, which he refused in order to return to Ithaca. The Queries, three in Number, were as follows:

The first Question was, *Which of all Men are most free?* Some answer'd. 'Twas a King who had an absolute Power over his People, and had conquer'd all his Enemies. Others maintain'd, that 'twas a Man who had sufficient Riches to gratify all his desires. Others said, 'twas a Man who being never marry'd, travell'd all his Life-time through divers Countries, without being ever subject to the Laws of any Nation. Others fancied, That it was a *Barbarian*; who living upon Hunting in the midst of the Woods, was independent upon any Government, and subject to no manner of want. Others thought it was a Man newly made free, who, coming out of a rigorous Servitude, enjoy'd more than any other the sweets of Liberty. Others, at last, ventur'd to say, That it was a dying Man, because Death freed him from all Troubles; and all Men put together had no longer any Power over him.

When it came to my turn, I was not puzzl'd how to answer, because I still remember'd what *Mentor* had often told me: The most free of all Men; answer'd I, is he who can be free, even in Slavery it self: In what Condition or Country soever a Man be, he is most free when he fears the Gods, and none but them: In short, that Man is truly free, who, desingag'd from all manner of Fear, or anxious Desire, is subject to the Gods and his Reason only. The old Men looked upon one another smiling, and wonder'd to find that my answer was exactly the same with that of *Minos*.

Afterward, they propos'd the second Question in these Words; *Which is the most Unhappy of all Men?* Every one answer'd as he thought. One said, 'Tis a Man

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 If our Abundance makes us wish for more;  
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Z
who

who has neither Estate, Health, nor Honour. Another said, 'Tis a Man who is Friendless, Others maintained, That 'tis a Man who has disobedient, ungrateful, and unworthy Children. There came a Sage of the Isle of *Lesbos*, who said, That the most Unhappy of all Men, is he who thinks himself so; for Unhappiness doth not entirely proceed from what we suffer, but rather from our own impatience and uneasiness, which aggravate our Misfortunes. This Speech was highly commended and applauded by the whole Assembly, and every one thought that the *Lesbian* Sage would carry the Prize, in thus solving this Question; but being asked my Opinion, I answered according to *Mentor's* Maxims, The most unhappy of all Men, is a King, who thinks himself happy, when he makes all the rest of mankind miserable. His blindness makes him doubly unhappy; for not knowing his Misery, he cannot apply Remedies to it; Truth cannot pierce through the croud of his Flatterers, and reach his View; his Passions tyrannize over him; he is a Stranger to his duty; he never tasted the Pleasures of doing Good, nor felt the Charms of untainted Virtue; he is unhappy, and deserves to be so; his unhappiness encreases daily he runs to his own Ruin, and the Gods prepare an eternal Punishment to confound him. All the Assembly confessed I had overcome the wise *Lesbian*, and the old Men declared I had hit upon the true Sense of *Minos*.

The third Question they asked, was, *Which of the two is to be preferred, either a King victorious and invincible in War, or a King unexperienced in War, but able to rule his People wisely in Peace?* The Majority answer'd, That the King invincible in War was to be preferred. What are we the better, said they, for having a King who knows how to govern well in Peace, if he knows not how to defend his Kingdom when a War breaks out? For then his Enemies will overcome him, and make his People slaves. Others on the contrary maintain'd, That the peaceful King was much better, because he would be afraid of War

War, and consequently take care to avoid it. Others said, that a conquering King would consult and advance as well the Honour of his People as his own, and make his Subjects Masters of other Nations; whereas a peaceful King would sink their Courage into a shameful effeminacy. They desired to know my Opinion, and I answered thus:

A King who knows how to govern, but only in Peace, or in War, and is incapable to rule his People in both, is but half a King; but if you compare a King, who is only skilled in War, to a wise King, who, without being acquainted with War, is able to maintain it upon Occasion, by his Generals, I think He is to be preferred to the other: A King whose Mind shall be entirely bent upon War, would always be for making War in order to extend his Dominion, and advance his Glory, and not care if all his People were ruined. What are a People the better for the Conquests their King makes over other Nations, if they are miserable under his Reign? Moreover, long Wars are still attended with great Disorders; the Conquerors themselves grow loose and licentious in those times of Confusion. See at what a dear rate *Greece* has triumphed over *Troy*; she was deprived of her Kings for above ten Years. Whilst all is ruined by War, the Laws grow faint, Agriculture is neglected, all Arts languish and decay; even the best Princes, when they have a War to carry on, are obliged to commit the greatest of Ills; which is, to tolerate Licentiousness, and make use of wicked Men. How many profligate Villains would be punished during the Peace, whose Audaciousness must be rewarded during the Disorders of War? Never had any Nation a conquering Sovereign, but they must suffer much upon account of his ambition. A Conqueror, intoxicated with his Glory, ruins as much his victorious People, as the Nations he has vanquish'd. A Prince, who wants the necessary Qualifications for Peace, cannot make his Subjects relish the Fruits of a War happily ended; he is like a Man who could defend his own Field against his Neighbour,

bour, and usurp even that of his Neighbour himself, but could neither plough nor sow his Grounds, and so reap no Harvest. Such a Man seems to be born to destroy, lay waste, and turn the World topsy - turvy, and not to make the People happy by a wise Government.

Now let's consider a peaceful King; 'Tis true, he is not fit for great Conquests; that is to say, he is not born to disturb the Tranquility of his own People, by endeavouring to subdue those other Nations who are not his lawful Subjects; but if he be truly to govern in Peace, he is Master of all the Qualifications necessary to secure and protect his People against their Enemies. The Reason of it is plain: For he is just, moderate, and easy, with respect to his Neighbours; he never attempts to do any thing that may disturb the publick Peace; he is religiously faithful in all his Alliances; his Allies love him, they are not in fear of him, but rather repose an entire Confidence in him. If he happens to have some stirring, haughty, ambitious, and troublesome Neighbour, all the other Kings, who fear that stirring Neighbour, and in no manner distrust the peaceful King, join themselves in Confederacy with that good King, and keep him from being oppress'd. His Integrity, Honesty, and Moderation, make him the Arbiter of all the States that surround him: Whilst the ambitious King is odious to all the rest, and ever expos'd to their Leagues; the peaceful Prince has the Honour of being; as it were the Father and Guardian of all the other Kings. These are the Advantages he has abroad; those he enjoys at home, are still more solid; Since he is fit to govern in Peace, 'tis certain he governs according to the wisest Laws; he discountenances Pomp, Luxury, and all those Arts that serve only to cherish and foment Vice; he promotes and encourages those that are useful, and can supply Mankind with the real Necessaries of Life; more particularly, he causes his Subjects to apply themselves to Agriculture, and by that means he procures them



them plenty of all Necessaries. This laborious People, plain in their Manners, and thrifty in their way of Living, get an easy Livelihood by tilling of their Lands, and multiply every day. This Kingdom contains not only a vast multitude of People, but a People sound in Body, vigorous and strong, and not soften'd by Pleasures; exercis'd and inur'd in Virtue, not addicted to the Enjoyments of an effeminate, luxurious Life; a People that know how to despise Death, and had rather part with their Lives, than with the Liberty they enjoy under a wise King, who reigns only by the dictates of Reason and Justice. Let now a neighbouring Conqueror attack this People, perhaps he may find them not so well skill'd in pitching a Camp, or drawing up an Army in order of Battle, or in erecting Machines for the Besieging of a Town; but he will find them invincible by their Numbers, their Courage, their Patience upon hard duty, their Familiarity with Want and Poverty, their Resolution and Obstinacy in Fight, and their constant Virtue, not to be shaken even by ill Success and Disasters. Moreover, if the King have not experience enough to command his Armies in Person, he will easily find those who shall be able to command them, and will make use of them without losing his Authority. In the mean time, his Allies will furnish him with Supplies; his Subjects will rather die, than undergo the Yoke of another unjust and tyrannical King: nay, the Gods themselves will fight for him. See how many Helps and Advantages he will find amidst the greatest Dangers: I therefore conclude, That a peaceful King, who is unskill'd in War, is a very imperfect King, since he cannot discharge one of his most important Functions, which is to overcome his Enemies; but at the same time, he is infinitely superior to a conquering King, who wants the necessary Qualifications to govern in Peace, and is only fit for War.



# XXXVII. From the GERMAN.

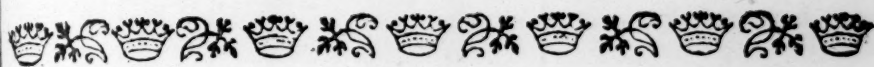
Die zehn letzte Strophen der Doris des Freyherrn von Canitz.

Ich durchirre Land und Seen,  
In den Thälern, auf den Höhen,  
Wünsch ich, wieder die Gewalt  
Meines Schmerzens, Auffenthalt.  
Berg und Thal, samt See und Ländern,  
Können auch zwar mein Gesicht,  
Aber nicht mein Leid verändern;  
Denn ich finde Doris nicht.

Euch, ihr Zeiten, die verlaufen,  
Köunt ich euch mit Blut erkaufen,  
Die ich oft aus Unbedacht,  
Ohne Doris zuabracht!  
Sonne, schenk mir diese Blicke!  
Komm, verdopple deinen Schritt!  
Eilt ihr Zeiten, eilt zurücke,  
Bringt mir aber Doris mit!

Aber nein: Eilt nicht zurücke!  
Sonst entfernen eure Blicke  
Mir den längst begehrten Tod,  
Und benehmen nicht die Noth.  
Doch, könnt ihr mir Doris weisen?  
Eilet fort! Nein, haltet still!  
Ihr mögt warten. Ihr mögt reisen.  
Ich weiß selbst nicht, was ich will.

Helfte



The ten last Stanzas of Baron  
CANITZ'S *Doris*,

translated from the GERMAN into ENGLISH  
by C. BERTRAM.

T Hro' Lands and Seas I Sighing stray,  
O'er Hills and Vallies take my Way,  
Wishing for my so heavy Grief,  
Some where at least, to find Relief:  
But Hills nor Dales, nor Land, nor Sea,  
Tho' they perhaps my Sight may please,  
Whilst I my DORIS cannot see,  
Not able are to give me Ease.

Could you, ye Moments, back be bought,  
Which I, alas! thro' Want of Thought  
Without my DORIS, vainly spent,  
With Blood ye should without Relent.  
Sun, give, I pray thee, back again  
These Moments; double thou thy Pace;  
Haste back, ye Moments, lost so vain;  
But bring me DORIS you to grace!

Yet, no: Haste you not back, for why,  
As I do only wish to die,  
You will defer that joyful Day,  
But not remove the Cause away.  
Yet if you can me DORIS show,  
Make treble Haste! No, stop — stand still —  
You may stay. — Nay, you may go. —  
Good God! I know not what to will.

Dearest


❧  
 Helfte meines matten Lebens,  
 Doris! ist's denn auch vergebens,  
 Daß ich kläglich um dich thu?  
 Kannst du noch, in deiner Ruh,  
 Die getreuen Seufzer hören?  
 Rührt dich meiner Schickung Grimm?  
 Ach so laß dein Schlummern stören!  
 Sieh dich einmahl nach mir um!


❧  
 Zeige dich mit den Geberden,  
 Die so manches mahl auf Erden  
 Mich von Sorgen laß aemächt.  
 Sieh mir noch zu, guter Nacht,  
 Nur mit Winken zu versprechen,  
 Daß du meinen Jammer kennst,  
 Wanns der Himmel so verschen,  
 Daß du dich auf ewig trennst.


❧  
 Laß in der Gestalt dich schauen,  
 Wie dich in den selgen Auen  
 Eine Klarheit nun erleucht,  
 Der die Sonne selbst nicht gleicht.  
 Oder scheint der Engel Freude  
 Nicht durch grober Sinnen Flohr;  
 Wohl! so stell, in meinem Leide,  
 Dich auf andre Weise vor.


❧  
 Dürst ich küssend dich umfassen,  
 So, wie ich dich sah erblassen,  
 Wie der werthen Augen-Paar  
 Dir zuletzt gebrochen war,  
 Und der Angst-Schweiß deine Wangen,  
 Als mit Perlen angefüllt!  
 Denn so wäre mein Verlangen,  
 Sollt ich meinen, schon gestillt.



  
 Dearest Half of my weak Life,  
 My DORIS, my beloved Wife,  
 Is it of no Effect the Moan  
 I make for thee? O! when I groan  
 Canst thou, in thy Repose, it hear?  
 Does my Distress thy Pity move?  
 O break thy Slumber, DORIS dear!  
 And yet once more look on me, Love.

  
 Show thy self with that same Air,  
 Which, when on Earth, cou'd ever cheer  
 My grieved Heart, and bid Farewell  
 To me, my Soul, or even tell  
 Me by a tender Nod, or two,  
 That thou dost know what Anguish I  
 Endure now Heav'n decrees that *you*  
 Withdraw thy Self eternally.

  
 Or else in that bright Form appear,  
 Which you of blessed Mansions wear,  
 Whose Splendour shines with brighter Rays  
 Than SOL's at Noon of clearest Days,  
 Yet if that Angels Glory be  
 Such as no Mortal Eye can view,  
 Why then appear and comfort me  
 I any Form that pleaseth *you*!

  
 Or might I kissing thee embrace  
 But such as when thy beauteous Face  
 I saw grow pale, When thy bright Eyes  
 Foul Death did close to my Surprise;  
 When a cold Sweat thy Cheeks bedew'd  
 With Crowds of pearly Drops, yet I  
 Imagine that my Longing cou'd  
 Be greatly satisfy'd thereby.

A a

Nay,

✱

Ja, ob gleich die Träume trügen,  
 So will ich mich doch vergnügen,  
 Wann du in der stillen Nacht  
 Meinen Wahn befriedigt hast.  
 Ist denn dieses auch verboten,  
 Ey! so steht die Hoffnung fest,  
 Daß der finstre Weg der Todten  
 Mich zu dir gelangen läßt.

✱

Denn will ich, nach langem Schmachten,  
 Dich in Sions Burg betrachten.  
 Brich, erwünschter Tag, herein!  
 Und mein sterbliches Gebein  
 Soll, bis künftig unsre Seelen  
 Wieder in die Körper gehn,  
 Nechst bey dir, in einer Höhlen,  
 Die Verwesung überstehn.

✱

Wie geschieht mir? Darf ich trauen?  
 O du angenehmes Grauen!  
 Hör ich meine Doris nicht?  
 Die mit holder Stimme spricht:  
 Nur drey Worte darf ich sagen;  
 Ich weiß, daß du traurig bist;  
 Folge mir! Vergiß dein Klagen,  
 Weil dich Doris nicht vergift.



✠

Nay, tho' Dreams they do deceive,  
 Yet wou'd I with Joy receive  
     Such a Comfort, if thou'lt please  
     In my Repose my Grief to ease.  
 But if this also is deny'd,  
     Why then I'm sure this Hope stands fast,  
 That Death will prove a friendly Guide,  
     And bring me to thee at the last.

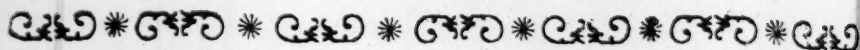
✠

As then shall I, after much Pain,  
 In Zion thee behold again.  
     O! that that Day were now at Hand —  
     Haste Death, and cut this mortal Band!  
 My poor Remains of Earth shall wait,  
     Laid in one Grave close up to thine,  
 After Corruption, for that Date,  
     When Souls & their Bodies shall rejoin.

✠

What's this comes to me? do I wake?  
 O pleasing Horror! How I quake!  
     Surely my DORIS' Voice I hear  
     In gentle Accents say, My Dear,  
 I have got Leave to let thee know  
     But these three things: come follow me;  
 I'm well acquainted with thy Woe;  
     Forget it! for I ne'er shall thee!





# XXXVIII From the DANISH.

Et Stykke tagen af Professor WADSKIÆRS  
Skrift,

Poëtiff Skue-Plads aabned paa det saa  
Kongelige som kostelige Christiansborgs  
Slots-Plads 1741.

**E**n af de store Ting, som DU o store Konge!  
Har gjort til Kirkens Trost og heele Landets Gavn,  
Var eene meer end nok, at løsne Tidens Tunge,  
Til at berømme et saa herligt Konge-Navn.

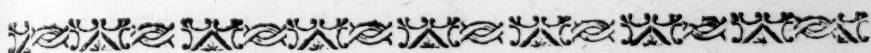
Den var alleene nok til Evighed i Tiden,  
Dg et u-svækket Liv i Dødeligheds Dal,  
Endog en saadan Post, som maatte synes liden,  
Naar den betragtes blandt de større Posters Tal.

Hvor meget mindre skal saa mange, alle store,  
Dg alle værdige, at præges ind i Guld,  
Ein Ere-Obelisc paa Verdens Torv forlore,  
For heele Verden gaaer forloren og omfuld.

Var Borreweyle-Skov en Skov af Palme-Greene,  
Var heele Gyldenlund en Lund af Laurbær-Trær,  
Dg deres ringe Løv sig torde værdie meene,  
At samles med den Lof og Ere-Priis DU bær.

Da maatte hver en Green, saa langt som Skoven strækker,  
Da maatte hvert et Træ saa vidt som Lunden gaaer,  
Naar de for hver en Post en Haandsfuld Løv dig reffer,  
Jo krone-skaldet staae, og eye knap et Haar.





A Passage, taken from Professor WADSKIER'S  
Book called the  
Poëtic Theâtre opened on the Royal and  
Magnificent Christian'sborg' Palace-  
place. M,DCC,XL,I.  
Translated by C. BERTRAM.

ONE of those Actions great, which thou, great King, hast  
done  
For the whole Kingdom's Good, and Comfort of the Church,  
Were more than requisite to loosen *Cronus'* Tongue  
To celebrate a Name so glorious and so good.

It singly thee could gain Eternity in Time, \*  
And unextinguish'd Life in the dire Vale of Death,  
Yea, tho' it were of those, that would but small appear,  
Should it consider'd be among thy greater Deeds.

How much less then shall there so many, yea all great,  
And all deserving to be stamp'd in purest Gold,  
On Earth's Theâtre loose their Obelisks of Fame  
'Till that the World shall quite in Ruins pass away.

Were *Borremeyla's* Wood | a Wood of stately Palms,  
Were *Gyldenlunds* fair Grove a grove of Laurel Trees,  
And their mean Boughs should dare to entertain the  
Thought,

Their Leaves could number with the Glories of thy Reign.

As then must ev'ry Branch throughout the Wood's Extent  
And every Tree that helps to form the verdent Grove,  
Should they an Infant's Grasp of Leaves for every Deed  
Yield thee, they must stand bald and scarce retain a Hair. \*

Ja der som Rosenborgs og Søeholts rare Haver  
Sig holdte værdige til Rose-Leveranz,  
Og hver Koes værdig Post, som DU i Landet laver,  
Kun vilde nydes med een enkelt Rose-Krands.

Da maatte de af Trang og Mangel mange laane  
Blandt vilde Lilier udi den grønne Mark,  
(Hvis Glands gjør Salomon i ald sin Glands en Blaane)  
Til Nordens Salomon og Dannemarks Monarch.

Men hvad er Palme-Løv og hvad er Rosen-Stængler  
Imod DIN Lof og Koes? kun ringe Rør og Riis,  
Ney naar GUD DIG engana i Paradiis ind-engler,  
Da faaer DU Palmer først, som passer til DIN  
Priis.

Hvis Verdens Palme-Træer og Jordens Hyacinther,  
Ev faaer imod DIN Dyd sin egen Uselhed,  
Da randt de hyppig op, u-agret Nordens Vinter,  
I DINNE Kæ-Ør og Konge-Gode-Tied.

Vort Norden skulde snart med Østens varme Kanter  
Gaae lige op i Tall af Palm-og Laurbær-Træer,  
Og Konge-Veien bar u-saaede Amaranther,  
Men Jorden veed, at sligt det er dig ikke værd.

Hun veed hvor lidet hun med alle sine Bahre  
Kand veje op imod DIN Dyd og Himmels-Sind,  
Og af Undseelse maa nødes til at spare  
De Vexter, som DIN Vegt ey nær kand lange ind.

Hun veed, at Himlen DIG har gandske alt i Eye,  
Før DU i Eye den, DU her i Øye, faaer,  
Hun veed at Himlen DIG alene kand opveje,  
Hvor rette Palme-Træer og Roser til Dig staaer.





*Nec numero Hispanos, nec robore Gallos, nec  
calliditate Pænos, nec artibus Græcos, sed PIE-  
TATE ac RELIGIONE omnes Gentes, na-  
tionesque superavimus.* CICERO.

Baron Holbergs ny Hypo-  
thesis om Aarsagen til  
Roms umaadelige Til-  
væxt.

Baron HOLBERG'S En-  
quiry into the Cause of  
the immoderate Growth  
of Rome.

Translated by C. BERTRAM.

**M**aar man betragter Roms  
ringe Begyndelse, og  
tilligemed seer dens umaad-  
delige Tilvæxt, maae man  
staae ligesom henrykket af  
Forundring, helst efterdi  
intet findes udi Historien,  
som dermed kand liges.  
Udskillige Skribentere ha-  
ve søgt at udlede Politi-  
ske Aarsager til denne uhor-  
lige Gremvæxt. Noget ha-  
ve tilskrevet den Italiens  
gamle Tilstand, holden-  
de for, at, saasom sam-  
me Land forðum var deelt  
udi mange smaae stridige  
Stater, det ikke kunde væ-  
re vanskeligt for et Rige  
eller Republique, der vidste  
at føre sig de andres Skrø-  
beligheder til Nytte, at

**W**HEN we consider the  
mean Beginning of  
Rome, and withal see it's  
immoderate Growth, it  
makes us stand as it were lost  
in Admiration, especially  
seeing Nothing can be  
found in History parallel to  
it. Several Writers have  
endeavoured to deduce this  
unheard of Growth from  
political Causes. Some have  
ascribed it to the antient  
State of Italy, asserting that,  
whereas the said Country  
was formerly divided into  
many small jarring States,  
it could not be difficult for  
a Kingdom or Common-  
wealth, that knew how to  
turn the Weakness of the  
other's, to their own Ad-  
vantage.



bringe dem alle under Fødder. Andre have tilskrevet Roms Tiltagelse Romuli Lov og Regjeringens Floge Indrettelse. Men ingen af disse foregjerne Marsager synes mig at kunde holde Stik; thi, endskjønt man vil tilstaae, at det kunde være let at bemestre sig den gamle Italien, efterdi den var deelt udi mange stridige Stater, og enhver Stat laborerede af indvortes Skrøbeligheder, saa spørges: Hvi just Rom, som blant alle disse mange Republiker var fast den ringeste, uanseligste og skrøbeligste, kunde vore alle andre over Hovedet, og blive ikke aleene Mester over Italien, men fast over den heele bekiendte Verden? Jeg siger den Ringeste og Skrøbeligste: thi Staden synes ikke i Begyndelsen at have været anlagt uden for at hierge Banque, rotterere og Røvere, Dvæg og Korn, hvilket en Rømersk Poet tilkiendegiver udi disse Ord:

vantage, to subdue them all. Others have imputed the Increase of Rome, to the Wise Constitution of *Romulus's* Laws and Government. But none of these pretended Causes seem to me able to bear the Proof. For tho' we should grant that it might be easy to master antient Italy, because of it's being divided into many jarring States, and each of them gruelled by inward Weaknesses, yet we may ask, *Why Rome Particularly,* which among all these many Common-wealths was almost the least, weakest, and most inconsiderable, *should grow to out-top all the others, and become not only Mistress of Italy, but of almost all the known World?* I say the *least* and *weakest*; for the City seems, in the Beginning, to have been erected merely as a Shelter for Bankrupts and Rascals, Cattle and Corn; which a Roman Poët intimates in these Words:

Majorum primus quisqui fuit  
 ille tuorum,  
 Aut Pastor fuit, aut illud,  
 quod dicere nolo.

*Thy first Progenitor,  
 who e'er he were,  
 Some Shepherd was,  
 or else what I'll forbear  
 To name.* JUVENAL.

Saa at den har fundet  
 været anseet blant andre Ita-  
 talienske Stæder lidt bedre  
 end en fattig og berygtet  
 Landsbye. Vel er det sandt,  
 at der tales om dens faste  
 Vold, men at de samme  
 have snart ikke været af  
 større Betydelse end de  
 Grøfter, som nu omstunder  
 gøres om vore Hønders  
 Raalhauger, sees deraf,  
 at Remus, før at drive  
 Spot med sin Broders  
 Fæstninger, sprang engang  
 over Volden. Der tales  
 ogsaa om et stort Raad,  
 som blev stiftet af Romulo,  
 bestaaende af hundrede ær-  
 værdige Personer, hvilke i  
 henseende til deres Alder og  
 Viisdom bleve bærede med  
 den Titel af Stadens Fæ-  
 dre (Patres.) Men man  
 fandt let slutte, af hvilken  
 Betydelse disse ærværdige  
 Fædre have været, efterdi  
 ingen af Nabestæderne vil-  
 de give dem deres Døttre  
 til ægte, og at de, af hvis  
 Herkomst de Rømerne A-

So that it could be looked  
 upon, among the other Ita-  
 lian Cities, but little better  
 than a poor infamous Vil-  
 lage. True it is that there  
 is mention made of it's  
 strong Walls, but that the  
 same have hardly been of  
 any greater Moment than  
 the Hedges, which are now  
 a days made round a Coun-  
 tryman's Cabbage-Garden,  
 appears from this, that Remus  
 in Derision of his Brother's  
 Fortifications, once leaped  
 over the Wall. They also  
 talk of a Senate, which was  
 established by Romulus, con-  
 sisting of an hundred vene-  
 rable Personages, who in  
 Regard of their Age and  
 Wisdom were honoured  
 with the Title of *Fathers of  
 the City*. But we may easily  
 guess of what Consideration  
 these venerable Fathers have  
 been, since none of the  
 neighbouring Places would  
 grant them their Daughters  
 in Marriage, and that those,  
 of whom the Roman noble

Fa-

delige Familier siden saa meget have brystet sig, vare fast ikke uden nogle characteriserede Hyrder, eller Fæbindere, eller noget andet, som Poëten drister sig ikke at give Navn. Der var derfor intet synligt, som kunde indprænde de gamle Romere den Ambition som man fra Stadens første Begyndelse seer at have været. Tvertimod Stadens første Tilstand var saadan, at Indbyggerne burde eller kunde ikke drømme om noget Herredom, men heller holde det for en Ufsalighed at kunde nogenledes beskytte deres Frihed mod andre omliggende Stater, som alle vare stærkere, talrigere og ældere. De indvortes Skrøbeligheder, hvoraf de Italienske Republiquer laborerede, kunde en heller forsikre Staden Rom om ringeste Fordeel, end sige om noget Herredom, efterdi de samme Uroligheder og Borgerlige Tvistigheder, hvormed Sabiner, Albaner, Latiner, Æqui, Vol-

Families afterwards boasted so much to be descended, were scarce any other than dignified Herdsmen, or Sheep-tenders, or else something that the Poët will not make bold to name. It was therefore nothing visible that could prompt the old Romans to that Ambition we perceive they had from the very Foundation of their City. Contrarily the first Condition of the City was such, that the Inhabitants ought not, nor could not dream of any Empire, but rather esteem it a Happiness, if they could but any-how defend their own Liberty against the other circumadjacent States, which were all of them stronger, larger, and of nobler Establishments. Nor could the inward Debilities, with which the Italian Common-wealths were troubled, promise to the City of Rome any the least Advantage, much less Superiority, seeing the same Disorders and civil Comotions with which the *Sabines, Albans, Latins, Æqui,*  
sci

fei og andre Folk vare  
 plaagede, regierende ligesaa  
 stærkt iblant Rømerne, ja  
 end udi større Grad: Thi  
 man haver ifkun at blade  
 udi de Rømerke Krøniker  
 for at see, at Evedragt  
 ofte haver truet Staden  
 med Undergang, og at Bor-  
 gerlige Krige besatte den  
 største og anseeligste Deel  
 af den Rømerke Historie.  
 Sees saa heraf, at de, som  
 have villet viise Roms Til-  
 vort af de gamle Italienske  
 Staters Skrøbelighed, ik-  
 ke have med tilbørlig Agt-  
 somhed udgrundet Italiens  
 gamle Tilstand. De fleste  
 have derudover givet en an-  
 den Årsag til dette Vidun-  
 der, og tilskrevet Stadens  
 forunderlige Tilvort Regi-  
 mentets Indrettelse og Ro-  
 muli herlige Love. Jeg  
 tilstaaer gierne, at Stif-  
 teren hertil haver lagt no-  
 gen Grundvold, og at  
 Statens første Indrettelse  
 end have contribuert til  
 paafølgende Velstand: Men  
 at ville derivere dette Vid-  
 under, enten fornemmelig,  
 eller ene af Statens første  
 Indrettelse og Stifterens  
 Bognings Kunst, lader sig

*Volci*, and other Nations were  
 vexed, reigned as violently  
 among the Romans, and in a  
 far greater Degree: for we  
 need but turn over the Pages  
 of the Roman Chronicles to  
 see, that Discord has often  
 threatened the City with  
 Destruction, and that Civil  
 Wars occupy the greatest  
 and most considerable Part  
 of the Roman History. Thus  
 may be gathered, that those  
 who would prove the Growth  
 of *Rome*, from the Imbe-  
 cility of the antient Italian  
 Common wealths, have not  
 searched with due Applica-  
 tion into the antient Con-  
 dition of *Italy*. Most Part of  
 them have given another  
 Cause for this Prodigy, and  
 imputed the strange Growth  
 of the City, to the excellent  
 Constitution of the Laws and  
 Government by *Romulus*. I  
 readily allow that the Foun-  
 der laid some Foundation  
 hereunto, and that the first  
 Constitution of the State may  
 have contributed to it's suc-  
 ceeding Prosperity, but that  
 they will derive this Prodi-  
 gy either chiefly, or solely  
 from the first Disposition of  
 the Government, and the  
 ifte



ikke vel giøre; Thi der findes mange langt grundigere og kunstigere Stifter, men ingen haver haft saadan Virkning. Den Lacedæmoniske Stat var sat mere paa Skruer, og med større Konst indrettet end den Romerske. Man haver ikke kun at sammenligne begge Stater for at blive overbevist herom. Man vil ved løslig Betragtning finde, at den Grædske Republiques Bygning var et Messersnitte mod den anden. Man kunde ey heller vente at see en saadan Machine forfærdiget af en ung Hyrde, som af en gammel erfaren Statsmand og en Dybsindig Philosopho, hvilken gik Skridt for Skridt frem, og ligesom venede hver Steen for at erhverve sin Bygning en bestandig og evigvarende Consistence. Begge Staters Historie viser ogsaa en merkkelig Forskiel mellem begge Lovgiveres Gliid og Capacitet: Lycurgi Bygning stod i nogle Hundrede Aar uden Forandrung, og uden at trænge til nogen Reparation. Paa Romuli derimod maatte ideligen skiftes; og hvormeget man

Architecture of the Founder. is not so easily done; for we find many Constitutions that are far more judicious and ingenious, but none that have had that Effect. The *Spartan* Common-wealth was more elaborately digested, and formed with greater Skill, than the Roman. We need but compare the two States to be convinced of this. We shall find with a very little Consideration that the Greek Republic was a Master-Piece to the other. Nor could any one expect to see such an Invention found out by a young raw Shepherd, as by an old experienced Statesman and a judicious Philosopher, who proceeded Step by Step, and as it were poised every Stone, that he might get to his Building a durable and everlasting Stability. Besides the History of both these Common-wealths shows a vast Difference between the Diligence and Capacity of the two Legislators. *Lycurgus's* Structure stood some hundred Years without, needing the least Repairs; but on the other Hand, that of *Romulus* was continually a

flikkede derpaa saa kunde man dog ikke bringe den udi en ynskelig Form: Thi Roms Historie er en Kæde af Uroligheder, som alle fløde af Statens Indrettelse. Stats-Bygningen behøvede idelig Reparation, og, snart var ikke et Hul stoppet, før end man blev en nye Sprekke andensieds var, ja, ligesom en Medicus udi desperate Sygdomme maae forsøge alle slags Recepter, saa maatte Rømerne giøre Forsøg med alle de Regierings Forme, som Aristoteles foreskriver, og omsider efter en Circulation ende med det, som man havde gjort Begyndelse med, hvilket giver tilkiende, at der maae have været vitium in prima concoctione, eller Fejl udi Statens første Plan.

Roms idelige Tilvæxt fandt derfor ikke egentligen reyse sig af Statens Indrettelse og af Lovgiverens første Stiftelser; Men man maae for at løse denne Knude ubleede en anden Årsag, hvilken i mine Tanker fandt have været denne. Naar man forestiller sig den gamle

patching, and let them patch as much as they could, yet it was not to be brought into any desired Form. And the History of Rome is a Chain of Disorders, which all proceed from the Constitution of the Government. The Construction of the State required constant Repair, and hardly could one Hole be stopped, before another broke out; nay, like as Physicians, when treating of desperate Diseases, are obliged to try all manner of Medicines, so were the Romans forced to try all the Sorts of Government projected by Aristotle, and at last, after having try'd all, end in that they began with; which demonstrates there must have been a Defect in the first Construction of the Plan of Government.

The continual Growth of Rome can therefore not properly arise from the Constitution of the State, or the Institutions of the first Legislator, but we must search for another Cause to resolve this Knot, which in my Opinion may have been this. If we will but represent to Roms

Roms Tilstand, naar man betragter dens første Indbyggere, som bestoede af en Hob sammenslukkede Folk, af allehaande arme forløbne Personer, og, naar man tiligemed hos de samme uste og fast æreløse Mennesker finder en Ambition og Højhertighed uden Lige, bliver man ligesom forvildet, og maae slutte at herudi maae være noget unaturligt, og at disse første Indbyggere maae have været slagne med en slags Enthusiasmo, som haver forplantet sig paa deres Efterkommere, og havt saadan Virkning, at de have fornegtet sig selv, og opoffret Liv, Læmmer, Bøjsker, Venner, Børn, Hustruer, Forældre og alt det, som holdes meest kjær og kostbart, for Fæderuelandets Højhed. En saadan Enthusiasmus, som alleene kan producere delige Heroiske og fast fortvivlede Actioner, kan have rensset sig enten af den Historie, som haver været udspreddet om Stifterens mirakuleuse Fødsel, nemlig at han var Kriigs Gudsens Martis Søn; item, om

ourselves the Condition of old Rome, if we consider it's first Inhabitants, which consisted of a mixed Multitude of all Sorts of poor fugitive Fellows, and when we likewise find in these same wretched and almost scandalous Creatures an Ambition and Highspiritedness not to be matched, we are struck with Amazement, and must conclude, there has been something unaccountable, and that these first Inhabitants must have been infatuated with a Kind of Enthusiasm, which must have passed to their Successors, and had such Effect, that they have renounced themselves, and sacrificed their Lives, Limbs, Welfare, Friends, Children, Wives, Parents, and all that is esteemed most dear and precious, to the exalting of their Country. Such an Enthusiasm, as alone could produce such heroic and almost desperate Actions, may have risen, either of the Story that was buzzed abroad of the miraculous Birth of the Founder, viz that he was the Son of Mars the God of War; as also that



hans Endeligt, nemlig, at han levende blev optaget i Him- melen; eller af visse og os u- bekiendte Spaadomme om Stadens tilkommende Høy- hed; Thi det synes, at de første Romere end ogsaa udi deres største Afsmagt have vær- ret ligesom forvissede om Her- redom over andre Nationer. Heraf flyder de mange for- tviolede og Halsbrækkende Gierninger, og om det er til- ladt saaledes at tale, de man- ge Martyria, hvoraf den gam- le Romerske Historie er fuld.

Intet uden en Enthusias- mus kunde drive en Mutium til at steege sin egen Haand udi Ilden, efterdi den ikke havde rammet Stadens Hø- ved. Giende ret: Intet uden en Fanatisk Affect kunde be- væbne en Brutum mod sine egne Børn, hvis Blod han med en Stoisk Koldsindighed saae at rinde, indtil de opga- ve Aanden: Det vilde blive for vidtløftigt at opregne al- le de Exempler, som findes paa deslige Gierninger udi den Romerske Historie. Re- guli eene Exempel er meer end tilstrækkeligt til at bevise, at der hos de første Romere

of his Exit, affirming *that he was taken up alive into Heaven*: or else of certain Prophecies, to us unknown, of the future Grandure of the City; for it seems the primitive Romans, even in their lowest Reduction, have been as it were assured of lording it over Nations; whence flow those many rash and desperate Actions, and, if the Expression were allowed, the many Mar- tyrdoms, with which the old Roman History is filled.

Nothing but Enthusiasm could bring a *Mutius* to con- sume his own Hand in the Fire, because it had not struck the Chief Enemy of the City: Nor could anything but a fanatical Passion arm a *Brutus* against his own Chil- dren, whose Bloud he saw shed with a stoical Indiffe- rence, 'till they gave up the Ghost. It would be too prolix, to recount all the like Actions, in the Roman Hi- story; the single Example of *Regulus* is more than suffi- cient to prove that there has been Something in the first Romans, which worked more vigorously than a mere



tere end en simpel Kierlighed til Fædernelandet. Man seer udi ham en Borger, der frivilligen overgiver sig Fienden til at piines og martres for at erhverve sit Fæderneland en gandske ringe og maadelig Fordeel. Jeg siger derved, at intet uden en Enthusiasmus kand være Lønder til saadan Jld. Deraf flyder alleene saadanne fortviolede Gierninger og Selsfornegtelser, deraf flyder ogsaa den bestandige Assurance, som sandtes hos det Romerske Folk udi største Nødgang og Ulykke; Thi man seer Staden ligesaa Høyhjerted, da Hanibal var ved dens Porte, og alt Haab om Redning syntes at være forsvunden, som den kunde have været udi dens største Velstand. En Seyerrig Pyrrhus tilbyder Romerne sit Venkab og en reputeerlig Fred. Men de forkaste hans Venkab, just fordi han var en Seyer-Herre. Et Stykke Jord sættes paa Auction udi den anden Charthaginensiske Krig, da alting var udi Fiendens Hænder, og Staden

Love to their native Country. We behold in him a Citizen, that voluntarily surrenders himself up to the Enemy, to be tortured and martyred to purchase his Country a very small and indifferent Advantage. I therefore say, nothing but an Enthusiasm could be the Fuel to such a Fire. Thence alone can flow such desperate Actions and Self-Denials, thence also proceeds the constant Security to be found in the Roman People in the greatest Adversity, and Misfortune; For we see the City as highspirited when *Hanibal* was before it's Gates, and all Hope of Deliverance seemed to be vanished, as it could have been in its greatest Prosperity. *Pyrrhus* a Conqueror offers the Romans his Friendship, and an honourable Peace, but they reject his Friendship merely because he was a Conqueror. A Piece of Ground was put up to sale in the Second Punic-War, when every thing was in the Hands of the Enemy, and the City of *Rome*

Kom truedes med Undergang, threatened with Destruction,  
 men man merkede, at Jor- but we perceive the Ground  
 den derover intet havde tabt lost nothing of it's Price,  
 af sin Priis, og den blev and that it was sold as dear  
 saalt ligesaa dyrt som udi go- as in calm and peaceable  
 de og fredelige Tider. Times.

*The Rest of the Work illustrates the Baron's chief Argument and in the Original, consists of 109 printed Pages in Octavo.*

---

Baron HOLBERG's Approbation.

I find that the Translator has truly followed the Original, and penetrated my Thoughts.

Lewis Holberg.





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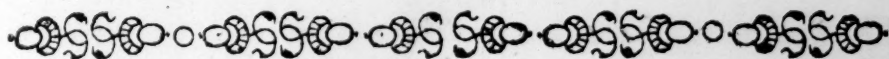
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The PRINTER begs the READER to accept of  
the following *Distich* instead of an *Errata*:  
Good Nature and good Sense must ever join;  
To err is human, to forgive, divine.  
POPE on Criticism.





## TESTIMONIA.



74.  
81.  
86.  
90.  
99.  
01.  
—  
Adskillige Høylærde Mænds Censurer,  
deels over det heele Værk, deels over visse  
Stykker deraf.

I find that the Translator has truly followed the  
Original, and penetrated my Thoughts.

LEWIS BARON OF HOLBERG. (\*)

Having perused this Work, which is excellent  
in it's Kind, I find, that the Author has  
confirmed the good Opinion, I have ever had of  
him, and on all Occasions given Proofs of his good  
Taste and Capacity, more especially in his several  
exact and natural Translations in Verse and Prose,  
from which we see, that he is skilled in most  
of the European Tongues to a high Degree, and  
lastly the many select Pieces in all Sorts of Learning  
which he has judiciously collected and as orderly  
digested, may abundantly serve to show,  
that he himself is a learned Man.

BERNARD MÖLLMANN. (\*\*)

---

(\*) Senior Sc. Regiæ Universitatis Hafniensis.

(\*\*) J. U. & Philos. D. Histor. & Antiquitat. Patriæ P. P. Bibliothecarius Regius Sc. Hafniensis.

*Artian The Royal English -  
Danish Grammar.*

## TESTIMONIA.

**R***erum cunctarum gratissima novitas*, ut paucas has doctissimi Autoris paginas legerem, relegerem, sæpiusque repeterem, cœgit: Paucis multa, quæ *pulcherrima brevitæ*, complectitur ingenium felix, judicii robore, viribus eloquentiæ virilis, & fulmine armatum, *Patriæ Linguae* decora ita, jucunde non magis quam doctè, tuetur & explicat, ut novitatis gratia, nobilique scribendi facultate, non minorem nominis sui gloriam inter eruditos sibi parasse atque peperisse videri queat.

*Ita censeo*

J. P. ANCHERSEN. (a)

**T**He agreeable Surprize, caus'd me by your Favour of Jan: the 30 th. accompanied with the valuable Present, you have been pleased to make me, claims my unfeigned Acknowledgments. 'Tis, Sir, Matter of no small Satisfaction to me, to find, by the List of Subscribers, prefixed to your excellent Performance, that our Language has met in Denmark with so many Admirers, and consequently with Encouragement. I heartily wish it may prove proportionable to your laudable Endeavours; Merit, and Abilities, which I take your *Rudimenta Gram. Angl.* to be an eminent Proof of. For, notwithstanding my being unacquain-

---

(a) S. R. M. Dan. & Norv. a Consiliis Justitiæ J. U. & Philos. D. Eloq. P. P. Bibliothecarius Universitatis &c. Hafniensis

## TESTIMONIA.

red with the Danish Tongue, I have been able by the Help of the German, to collect enough for highly approving of the Method, you have pursued with equal Learning and Judgement.

JOHN TOMPSON. (\*)

**N***emo bonus Brito est: Veterum Non* nemo (\*),  
Recentum

Hucdum sustinuit dicere nemo bonus.

**B***ERTRAMUS bonus est, Brito BERTRAMUS at*  
idem,

Nunc eat *Ausonius* dicat & hosce malos!

**G***rammaticus bonus est, Civis bonus, Insula (\*\*)*  
quamvis

Hinc palit [atque illinc *Insula* progeniit.

CHRIST. FRIDERIC. WADSKIER. (\*\*)

**Y**our Grammar is excellent, and the other two Pieces very fit for facilitating the Tongue, and filled with such agreeable Things as may convince the Foreigners of it's Force and Beauties; I

---

(\*) English Professor in the University at Göttingen.

(\*\*) in Regia Universitate Hafniensi Poëseos Prof. Publ.

(\*) *Auson.* Epigram. de quodam Sitvio Bono, qui erat Brito.  
n. CVII.

(\*\*) Proverb. Omnes insulani sunt mali, Siculi autem pessimi.  
T. Fazellus de reb. Sicul. Dec. I. lib. I.

## TESTIMONIA.

long to see the Rest of your Essay on Style, where I find something of your own Performance, 'tis very good and shows your fine Skill in Poëtry. Pray be as good as your Word, and communicate unto me your Works, for as they are select, I read them the rather, &c.

IVAR KRAAK. (\*)

**Y**our Grammar seems indeed a learned Performance, your Essays and Ethics I am exceedingly pleased with; and rejoice in seeing you agree so very much with me in the same Taste, and in meeting with you a Friend, I have long ago wish'd for, but regret that I have not had the Honour of your valuable Acquaintance, or at least Correspondence, twelve Years sooner, &c.

THEODORE ARNOLD *at Leipzig.*

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(\*) *English & French Professor in the Carolinian University at Lunden.*





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